



SECOND EDITION

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## Comment Of The Day

### OPPORTUNITY

THERE has been a general feeling for some time in the West that President Eisenhower has not taken his full part in international affairs. The impression gained is that the Secretary of State, Mr. Dulles, has been a power unto himself and that he has not only dictated policy but he has also called the tune which has been an embarrassment to the President.

Mr. Eisenhower, in a manner befitting all generals, has backed up his subordinate but the undertone of policy has left Western diplomats with the conviction that the President has not been left with an alternative line of approach or attack.

In fact, Mr. Dulles "lone wolf" approach to international diplomacy could be distinctly embarrassing to Mr. Eisenhower in that Mr. Macmillan has seized the initiative.

Whatever the outcome of his talks with Mr. Khrushchev, the world-wide publicity given to Mr. Macmillan's visit has placed his sincere proposals to the fore.

WE are now told that Mr. Eisenhower is to take a "more responsible role" in international affairs. If this is the case, statesmen everywhere will breathe a sigh of relief.

The day has gone when any country, no matter how powerful, can pursue a lonely path. The facts that face humanity are either peaceful co-existence, or total destruction.

The stick that Mr. Dulles waved was undoubtedly a big one, but it seemed at times that he threatened both friend and foe.

If Mr. Eisenhower can bring that undoubted genius he possesses to form such a go-ahead team to maintain the peace he gained by war, his many friends in the British Commonwealth will be delighted to welcome his grasping the initiative.

There was never a better opportunity than now when Mr. Macmillan has smoothed the way for a good round the table talk on the differences between Eastern and Western approaches to outstanding international problems.

# LARGEST OF ITS KIND TO BE HELD IN FAR EAST DUKE INSPECTS BIG PARADE

## Twenty Servicemen Collapse

By ANDREW SOLAN

The fog-shrouded hills around Kai Tak formed an impressive backdrop for a colourful parade of 3,500 officers and men of the three services where the Duke of Edinburgh took the salute this morning.

Prince Philip arrived at Kai Tak 13 minutes behind schedule after being delayed en route through Kowloon.

At the parade stretchers were kept busy as about 20 men collapsed while awaiting the Duke's arrival at what Army sources described as "the largest of its kind in the Far East."

### Children

When the Duke began his inspection standing in the rear of the Land Rover, a large crowd of children surged forward to get a closer look.

The Duke had a warm smile and a wave for the children at this break in formality.

Then a young female movie camera enthusiast braved reprimand and calmly walked into the middle of the parade ground to catch the Duke as he passed by. She was able to get some good shots of Prince Philip before she was herded off the parade ground by a subaltern.

The Duke arrived in the uniform of Admiral of the Fleet. He was met by Commander British Forces, Lt-General Sir Edric Bastyan, who then presented the other service commanders to him.

First came the Air Officer Commanding Air Commodore P.D. Holder, then the Commander-in-Charge, Commodore G.D.A. Gregory and finally the commandant of the Royal Hongkong Defence Force, Brigadier L.T. Ride.

### Royal Salute

The Duke then mounted a dais and was accorded a Royal Salute from the parade.

Brigadier J.M.A. Chestnut, the parade commander, then marched forward to the Duke

and reported the parade ready for inspection.

Prince Philip stepped down from the dais on to a waiting Land Rover and with Lt-General Bastyan they inspected the three ranks of troops. The inspection was carried out slightly faster than scheduled thus making up the time lost by the Duke's late arrival.

After returning to the saluting dais, the Duke took the salute as the parade marched past for the next half an hour. The scheduled fly-past had to be cancelled because of the low-lying cloud.

### Three Cheers

The Duke was then given three vigorous cheers by the men on parade.

He stepped off the dais for the last time, stopped for a word with Air Commodore Holder and Lt-General Bastyan before climbing into an open Humber Pullman limousine. This took him to the civil airport steps where he boarded the royal barge to be taken back to the Britannia in preparation for his next engagement, the reception on board the royal yacht at noon.

The weather was warm and humid and there was no breeze. Six bands were on parade.

## She Wants \$13,000 Alimony A Year

New York, March 6. Veronica Lake, 39-year-old actress with the blonde "peek-a-boo" hairstyle, is seeking a separation and \$13,000 a year temporary alimony from her husband Joseph McCarthy. It was stated in a court here today.

## Dulles Makes A Call

Washington, Mar. 6. Mr. John Foster Dulles, the U.S. Secretary of State, who is in hospital here for treatment of cancer, today telephoned Mr. Christian Herter, acting Secretary of State, and talked for 20 minutes about the international situation.—Reuters.

## Duke Passes Under Pai Lau



The Duke of Edinburgh passes under the pai lau in Nathan Road, Kowloon this morning and waves a cheery welcome to the thousands who lined the street to watch him pass.—Newspaper Society Pool photograph.

## Crowds Line Nathan Road To See Prince Philip

By CHINA MAIL REPORTERS

Thousands of people saw Prince Philip this morning as he drove through Nathan Road and Argyle Street to Kai Tak.

Among the crowd were many children waving Union Jacks. The biggest crowd was between Cameron and Austin Road where an estimated 3,000 people, standing four-deep, saw him pass.

**Jeep Escort**

The Duke was in an open car. He was escorted by six jeeps provided by the Navy, Army and Air Force, three ahead of his car and three behind.

Accompanying the Duke was Mr. Russell White, Superintendent of Police, special equestrian. When the Duke reached the Nathan Road pai lau—a ceremonial arch—the car slowed down and the Duke looked up at it and then turned to look at its other side after the car passed beneath.

Hundreds more watched the Duke from the windows of buildings lining the route to Kai Tak and from balconies. Police were out in force for the occasion and all traffic was diverted.

"Earlier small groups of people had gathered outside Government House, Garden Road and Queen's Pier" to wave to the Duke as he passed through a misty Hong Kong to meet the royal barge which would take him to Kowloon, the first time during the present tour that he set foot on the mainland.

## GRIVAS TO LEAVE CYPRUS IN 'DIGNIFIED' MANNER: MAKARIOS

Nicosia, Mar. 6.

Archbishop Makarios declared tonight that Eoka leader, George Grivas "will leave Cyprus in a dignified manner."

It was the first acknowledgment by the prelate since his return to this island that Grivas will leave. Makarios refused to elaborate on his statement, made at a briefing for Greek newsmen.

### Disagreement

Makarios refused to say whether he had met the leader of the terrorist organisation since his return to Cyprus. However, Greek sources have reported that the two men met late last Wednesday night.

Diplomatic sources said that Grivas' departure was being delayed by disagreement between Makarios and British authorities over the manner in which the Eoka chief will depart.

Makarios was reported demanding some public recognition for Grivas while the British insisted that he leave unheralded. Meanwhile, preparations were underway for welcoming the return of Sunday of Bishop Kyprianos of Kyrenia, one of Makarios' strongest critics.

Kyprianos, who has refused to accept the London agreement for Cyprus independence, is expected to outline his plans in a speech in Kyrenia on Sunday afternoon. His position could provide the first challenge to Makarios' authority in the Greek Cypriot community.—U.P.I.

## Students Shot, Police Head Arrested

Rio de Janeiro, Mar. 6.

The police chief of Goiania has been arrested following a riot last night in which 15 high school students were taken to hospital with bullet wounds.

One has died, and two others are seriously hurt, according to radio reports reaching here from Goiania, capital of the state of Goiaz.

The arrest of the Police Chief, Thales Reis, was ordered by the state governor after city Aldermen complained of "the massacre of students." The Governor has put the army in control of the city.

The students were demonstrating against a 60 per cent rise in fees. Throughout Brazil 1,500,000 high school students are on strike in protest at the increase. University students and some labour unions are threatening to join the strike if the Government does not act.—Reuters.

## Returning To Embassy

Washington, March 6. United States diplomats are moving back into the American Embassy in La Paz, Bolivia, evacuated during recent anti-American demonstrations, the State Department said today.—Reuters.

## Churchill In Nice

Nice, Mar. 6. Sir Winston Churchill arrived here by air today from London at the start of a holiday on the French Riviera.—China Mail Special.

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Take a tip from London—and look for the Car and Barrel bottle. That's the way to spot the gin that has made London famous for Gin since 1726.

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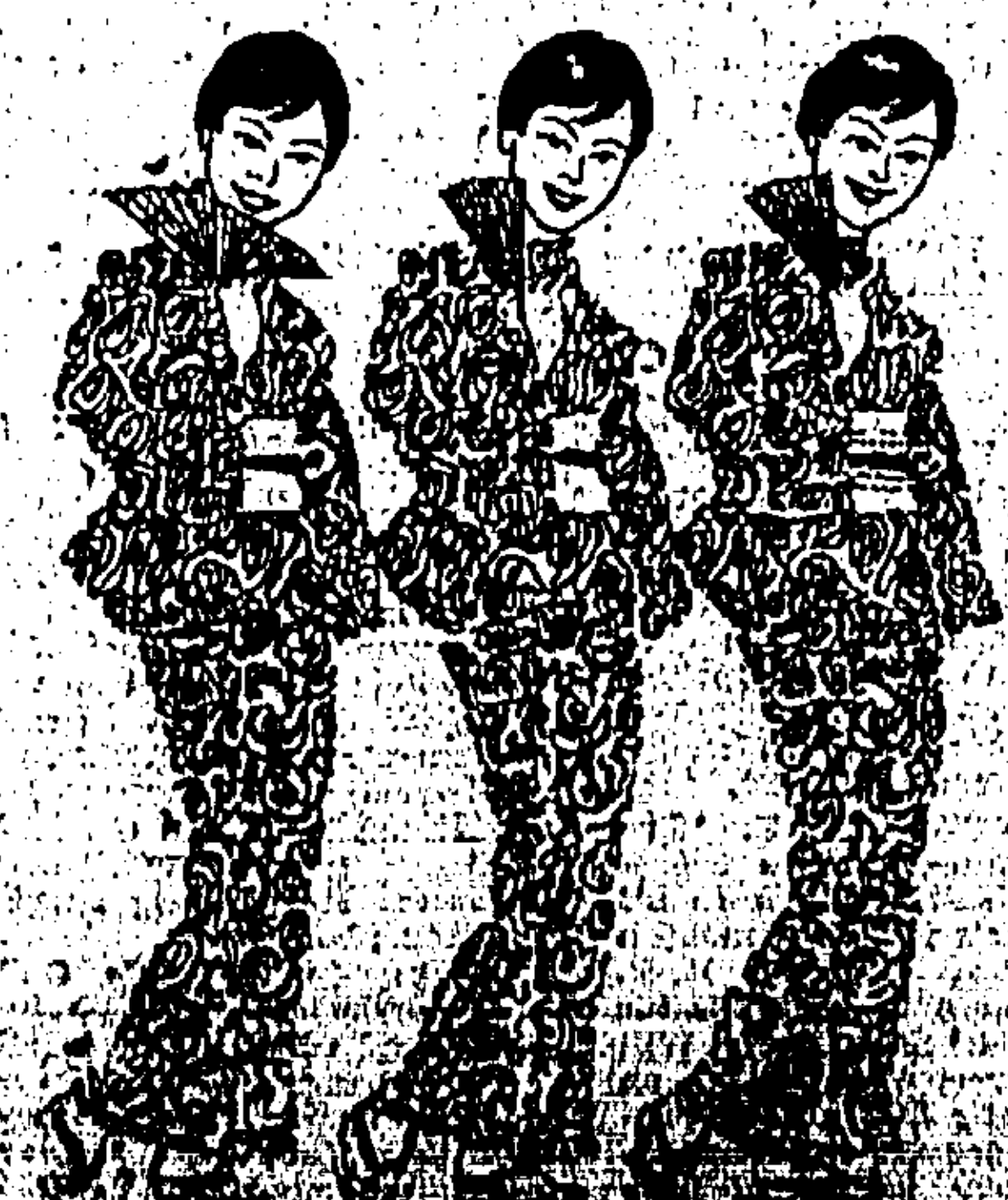
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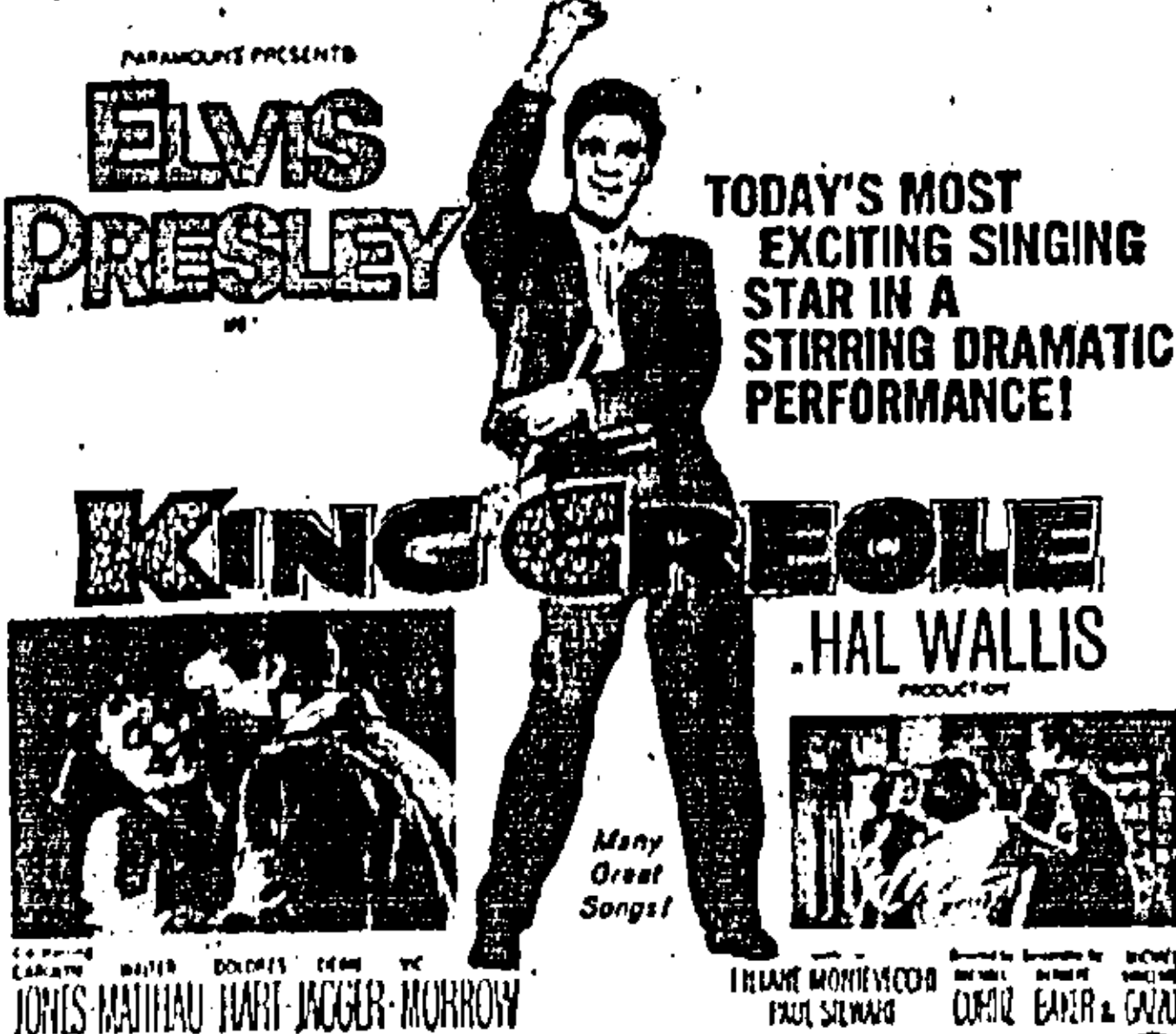
**AIR INDIA**



# KING'S PRINCESS

TO-DAY

America's Singing Idol in His Latest and Greatest Dramatic Performance — Singing More Songs Than Any Elvis Presley Picture Yet.



TODAY'S MOST EXCITING SINGING STAR IN A STIRRING DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE!

# PRINCESS

TO-DAY'S MATINEE SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

Joseph COTTON • Orsen WELLES in "THE THIRD MAN"

At Reduced Prices: 70 Cts., \$1.00, \$1.50

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To-morrow at 11.00 a.m. To-morrow at 11.00 a.m.

"20TH CENTURY-FOX TECHNICOLOR TERRYTOONS"

To-morrow at 12.15 p.m. To-morrow at 12.30 p.m.

"A KING & FOUR QUEENS" "THE DESERT FOX"

— AT REDUCED PRICES —

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★ GRAND OPENING TO-DAY ★  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



In next to no time you'll be laughing and loving every minute!

KENNETH MORE • BETSY DRAKE

Next to no time!

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PRODUCED BY ADAM FENNEL

DIRECTED BY HERBERT BRENNER

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ROXY: At 12.00 Noon BROADWAY: At 12.15 p.m.

20th Century-Fox presents in CinemaScope & Color

Ingrid BERGMAN • Yul BRYNNER in "ANASTASIA"

BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show

At 11.00 a.m. FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

# ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

SHOWING SIMULTANEOUSLY TO-DAY  
AT 2.30—5.30—7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



LEO MCCAREY RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS!

CHINA SCOPES COLOR BY DELUXE

BY HERMAN WOODWARD & COLLINS & CARSON

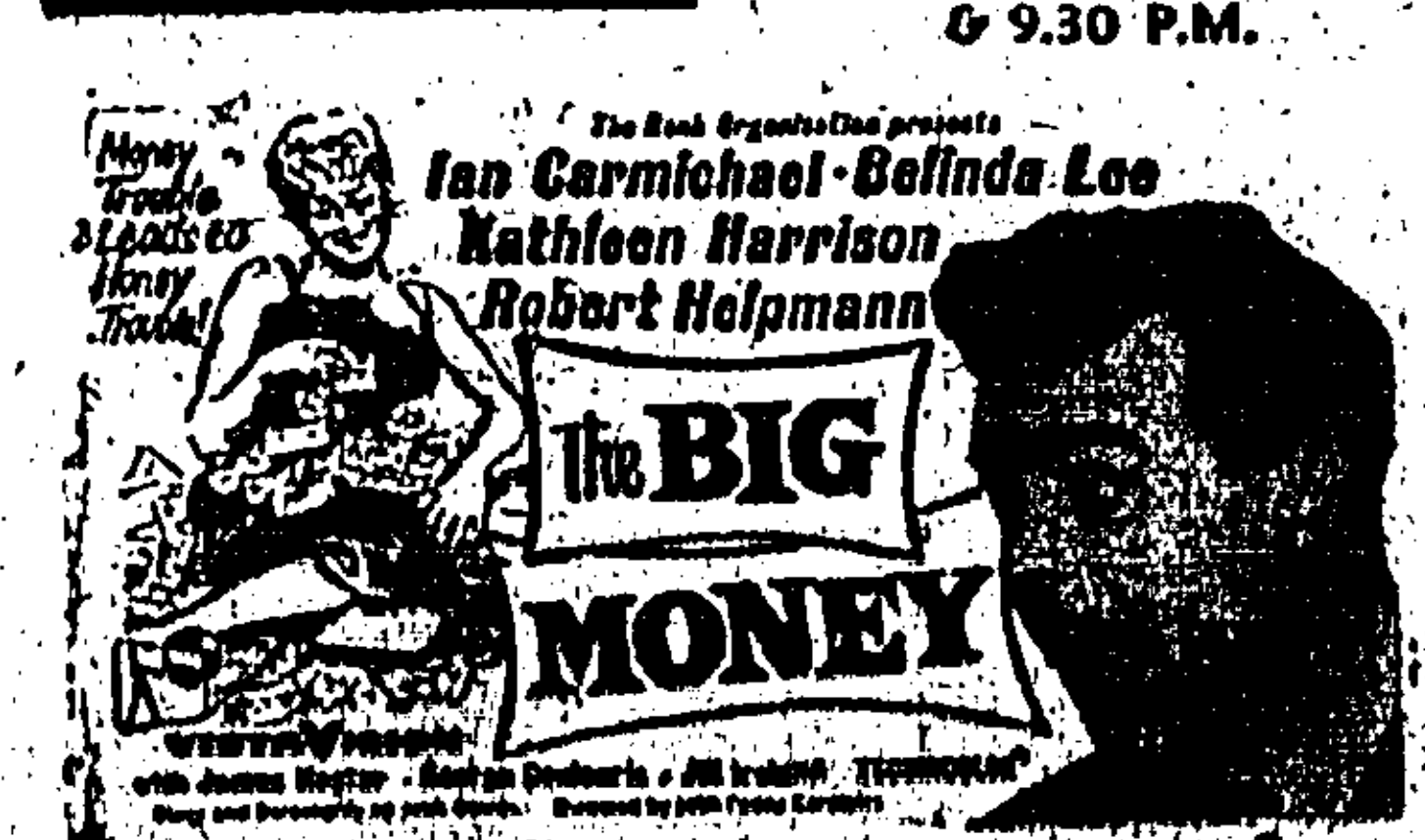
SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW 12.30

"THE MIDNIGHT STORY" "NIGHT PASSAGE"

# CAPITOL

SHOWING TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



The Big Money

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

At 11.00 a.m.

R.K.O. "LADY AND THE TRAMP"

At 12.30 p.m.

Hit BOBHOAS in "CHAMPION"

# FILMS CURRENT & COMING

by ANTHONY FULLER

IF I told you that the Guards had a woman drilling them, you wouldn't believe it. Yet that happened last week at Covent Garden. And the trouble was, the Guards couldn't keep in step, so they had to get the Ballet Mistress to drill them.

It was not their fault. For one thing it was one o'clock in the morning; for another, it was on the stage of the Royal Opera House Covent Garden, then they were wearing the uniforms of the Russian soldiers of two hundred years ago; and the music was an off beat tempo of Stravinsky.

The reason for it all is, they were making a film of The Royal Ballet, and it was made in three nights. Dr Paul Czinner who filmed the Bolshoi Ballet in charge of the photography, and Dame Margot Fonteyn not only dances, but is making the film.

The reason for the Guards being in the film is that on one occasion at the Opera, Queen Victoria was not amused. The extras were so undisciplined, she thought. Upon which, she said, Her Guards were to be used. And that is the way it has been ever since.

United Artists, the company that distributes the great independent Film Productions, are rightly congratulating themselves on sweeping the board of Motion Picture Awards. Their success is due to a number of factors, the least not being that the great artists, both historic and literary, have broken the bonds of Commercial Dictatorship.

It is doubtful for instance, whether one of the Commercial Studios would have permitted Sir Alec Guinness to have written his script as he wanted it. Sir Alec backed his own flair. The consequence is "The Horse's Mouth," and Guinness gets the Best Screenplay Award to add to his other Awards gained as an actor.

"The Defiant Ones," is another film which scores all the way. No Commercial Studio would have risked a film on the theme as it stood. The Artists took the risk. The result is the

outstanding film of 1958, made with a boldness and outspoken challenge never before found in Filmdom.

"The Big Country," the best Western since "Shane," is another example. "The Big Country" breaks every rule of the Western. Even the desperate fist slugging is taken at long range. The savage fist-slashing blows are muted. The sadist will find little satisfaction there. In short, you could say "The Big Country" is an escape from violence, a pacifist's approach to the rough men. Yet having seen it, and considered its technique, I rate it along with "Shane," and "High Noon." In fact, it may become the greatest Western of them all.

This weekend's crop of films is very good, with an outstanding film at the Hoover and Ritz, "The Old Man and the Sea."

★ ★ ★

IN reviewing "The Old Man and the Sea," one is immediately in difficulties, the reason being, and let's face it, the really great films pass us by. We are accounted a town of Philistines, and no one has taken a risk on us.

"The Old Man and the Sea," almost suffered the same fate, it was passed up, but it is now shown at the Hoover and Ritz. Make no mistake about it, it is a work of genius, both in conception (Hemingway) and direction, (John Sturges).

Nor have Warner Bros tried to play commercially safe, (all honour to them), by attempting to alter the theme and introduce a few tricks to get it over.

There it is, as Hemingway wrote it, and the producers pay Hemingway the compliment of trusting him to tell it the only way it can be told. For what is there to it? An old Cuban fisherman goes eighty-four days without a bite. He is cast down, almost persuaded the malignant powers are massed against him.

A little boy believes in him. On the eighty-fifth day he hooks a giant marlin. The film is the struggle with the fish, without a bite. He is cast down, almost persuaded the malignant powers are massed against him.

The only change from the drawn out struggle with the fish is the introduction of a few extraneous figures which symbolise the old man's thoughts of his lost youthful vigour. The young lions, for instance; and his tussle with a man.

Yet I cannot escape the fact that I have been in the presence of something great.

In his loneliness, while fighting the fish, the old man says, "Fish, I love you and I respect you, but I'm going to kill you."

Also the challenge of life is surely reflected in the words; "Man can be destroyed but he cannot be defeated."

That merit you will probably admit, but you will say, it is literary merit. Yet the film really does capture the spirit of the novel.

As a film, it belongs to that class where you put your best books. It has a richness that cannot be comprehended in one glance. You realise it belongs to the greater things, the treasures of art which overwhelm if taken at one sitting. Spencer Tracy plays the part

well. His silver head, the distant, frosty blue eyes, the deep, deep lines of his forehead, bring Hemingway's character to life.

The boy, simple, faithful, eager and sincere, is played by Felipe Pazos. A canny child, and one who will win many admirers by his performance.

This then is the film. It is one of the experiences of the cinema. Films of this kind cannot come often, because even a Hemingway produces only such a work once in a lifetime, because of the prestige of a lifetime of good writing.

I cannot recommend it, nor can any critic. You are not there to criticise the film, the film criticises you. It is above and beyond the mundane things. Forgive me if you are if you perceive a tenth part of its merit.

★ ★ ★

ELVIS Presley, now Private (first class) of the United States Army, sometime guitarist and movie star, is now serving in the land of Bach and Beethoven.

But before going to the war with his wild guitar strumming behind him, he dedicated us this celluloid epic, "King of the Creole," now showing at the Kings and Princess.

Not of course, that we shall forget him, even though he has exchanged his gold-plated suit for the rougher garb of the serviceman. In fact, his press agents are so concerned that we shall not forget him.

Every week, my desk is snowed under with handouts which capture every minute of Elvis's military duty, and his off duty moments.

My heart bleeds for him. He is on what was once to call a sleeping out pass, and he is roughing it in a hotel; and although he is not likely to shed his blood for his country, he is certainly in peril for the Frauleins wait at the door of his hotel threatening to tear Uncle Sam's uniform to shreds.

But is the film. Elvis is all mixed-up in New Orleans. He is torn between love for a shop girl who is poor but pure, (Dolores Hart), and a bad girl in a night club, (Carolyn Jones).

Mr. Presley is most generous with his songs, using about three times as much breath as the average singer. I preferred the one in a language unknown to me, which went like, "Hush, hush, ha-ha, ha-ha." He also wobbles as he sings, rather like a jelly at a Sunday School party.

An excellent film for those who like it.

★ ★ ★

"NEXT TO NO TIME," now on show at the Roxy and Broadway, is what the British call, "a good clean comedy."

# NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

HOOPER & RITZ: "The Old Man and the Sea." Hemingway's prestige piece made into a film by Warner Bros. Extraordinarily fine film, the script and the acting as much as the dialogue as visual presentation. A film for the connoisseur; wonderful photography, with powerful sustained role by Spencer Tracy. Felipe Pazos as the faithful archaic, ill screen and WarnerColor.

STAR & METROPOLE: "God's Little Acre." The film version of Erskine Caldwell's "God's Little Acre," the story novel about a Georgia farmer and his daughter. Earthly, down to facts production, starring Robert Ryan; Aldo Ray; Buddy Hackett, and introducing Tina Louise.

COMING

HOOPER & RITZ: "Home Before Dark." Frank said a absorbing psychological study of a man's attempt to adjust himself to life in a New England town, after he had been put away in a mental institution. Jean Simmons; Dan O'Herlihy; Rhonda Fleming; and Eileen Zervas.

STAR & METROPOLE: "The Big Country." The best Western to hit this man's town for many a long day. Gregory Peck, the Easterner, fights his battles; a new way, will catch every Western fan on the screen. The film is a study in the human mind, love, hate, and the human condition. Absolutely brilliant, with

Beautifully photographed in Eastmancolor, it concerns itself with a background both in the States, puts over a big business deal much to his own and his employer's astonishment.

The many admirers of Paul Gialoe will recognise the plot from the story, "The Enchanted Hour." The plot is light, the humour whimsy, springing from such a situation as the difference between British and American time.

The film is certainly a boost for the Queen Elizabeth, lacks nothing as far as production is concerned, but the script is weak.

The laughs remind me of last week's boxing tournament, like the puncher, they are telegraphed, and there is a tendency to overplay the whimsy and the blarney.

There is, however, a fine cast. Kenneth More leads the fun. He clown and improvises effectively as David the buff.

Betsy Drake, although hardly a glamour girl, plays as Gorgia, and Ronald Culver, immensely sure of himself, impresses as the aristocrat, slick Sir Godfrey.

Summing up, it is all clean, crisp fun with Kenneth More playing down to a role not worthy of his considerable talents, with bright asides, or rather deck games, which buoy up the show more than somewhat.

★ ★ ★

It has taken Hollywood 25 years to catch up with "God's Little Acre," Erskine Caldwell's best selling novel of the dreary thirties.

It was an attempt to stamp romance out of literature, and both literally and metaphorically, get down to earth.

However, the finished result is very good, and certainly made with more realism than would have been permitted during the thirties.

The cast is handpicked, with the emphasis on lust, rather than sex. Robert Ryan takes over the role of the gold searching farmer, Ty-Ty Walden, a very original performance.

Aldo Ray is Will Thompson, the old man's son-in-law, and an extremely challenging role it is.

Tina Louise gets the plum role as Gracie. It is a great introduction, but will undoubtedly type her for sexy roles. She is reckoned to be the biggest thing that has hit films since Jane Russell stroled onto a set 15 years ago.

Well, the film does all the book did. It simply pours out the lusty emotions of this benighted family; their conflicts, their brawls, their ghastly intrigues.

Yet there is humour of a sort, and there is a steady grandeur in the theme.

The film forms a remarkable contrast to anything else on show, and can be seen at the Metropole in Hongkong and the Star in Kowloon.

# LEE

TO-NIGHT AT 8.00 P.M.

A Cantonese Opera  
"PORTRAIT OF A BEAUTY"  
Presented by SUN LEE NIN CANTONESE GROUP

新利年劇團  
丹青配

# Astor

FINAL TO-DAY  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW



ASTOR: To-morrow Morning — At Reduced Prices

At 11.00 a.m. Technicolor Cartoons

At 12.30 p.m. "Oklahoma"

AIR-CONDITIONED

# STAR METROPOLE

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STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.

LATEST FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME

STAR: At 12.15 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.15 p.m.

Gary COOPER & Robert TAYLOR

Audrey HEPBURN in "LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON"

"BATJAN"

# HOOPER & RITZ

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

(Extra Show at Hoover To-Morrow at 12.00 noon)

"SETS A NEW HIGH FOR HOLLYWOOD"

"Takes A Monumental Stride"



ALSO SHOWING

"GENTLEMAN BURGLAR" in Cinema Color

With Jean Leung's Beauty in "L'Esprit, Part

Movie for Screen and Stage





HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY MAIL FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

# Absolute Matriarchy In U.S.

*The American Male Has Abdicated Says Anthropologist*

London. A BRITISH anthropologist claimed that he had received many letters from American women deploring the abdication of the American male as the head of his own household.

Two years ago Dr Eric John Dingwall published a remarkable and controversial study of a most intriguing subject, "The American Women."

## Confirmed

Critics demanded to know how an elderly British scholar qualified as an expert in this field. And Dingwall revealed that he had spent 20 years of research, which solidly confirmed his belief that the United States has become an absolute matriarchy.

"American men have long since lost control of the purse strings," Dr Dingwall chuckled in his country retreat. "And they never did have much of a hand in the education of the children. But the picture isn't all black. I understand they are firmly taking over the dishwashing."

Dr Dingwall expected the critics to argue in these terms: "American women have paid a heavy emotional price for stepping out of the role assigned them by nature, and that American men have paid with possibly the highest rate of impotence in the West."

He was equally prepared for a furious attack from readers.

"Yet with only one exception all those who have written to me have agreed that I am right," he said. "The women speak wistfully of men who are real men, in every room in the house, as compared with the meek breadwinner they find they have married."

"American women achieved equality 300 years before European women, way back in the days of the pilgrims. With their natural biological advantages—living longer, for one thing—they moved inexorably from equality to dominance. Today they run the country and don't let anyone tell you otherwise."

As though to lend point to Dr Dingwall's argument, American Air Force Headquarters here announced that about 3,000 U.S. airmen a year are marrying British girls. This is the same annual number as for some years past but actually represents an increase since there are fewer airmen stationed here these days.

## Division

There is a sharp division of opinion about why American men overseas always marry more foreign girls than anyone else. American sources believe the fact that the boys are away from home at an impressionable age to be the most important.

But British observers have always maintained it's because the foreign girl makes a less demanding and more submissive sweetheart or wife.

One supporter of this view, the Sunday Express, recently attributed the popularity of Japanese musicals, plays and books in the states to the yearning of the American male for someone who will also say—as Eastern girls do—it's what the man wants that matters.—U.P.I.

## HAT EXPERT AT NINE



PENNY, nine-year-old daughter of children's hat designer Victor Hyett, has the last word in her family—but only when it comes to choosing hats. She is seen here with her father as she tries on one of his latest boaters. Father Victor has found by experience that Penny can always pick a good hat. So when new designs are brought out, she gives the go-ahead on those she likes. Penny already has a vast wardrobe of over 100 hats—much envied by her school friends in Essex where she lives.—Reuterphoto.

## PILTDOWN SKULL CONTROVERSY NOT OVER YET

London. THE Piltdown skull controversy may not be over yet.

Dentist-archaeologist, Alvan Theophilus Marston, discoverer of the equally-famous Swanscombe skull, has never believed that the Piltdown relics were faked, and hopes to prove it.

### No Place

The Piltdown story dates from 1912, when lawyer Charles Dawson, an amateur archaeologist, unearthed a skull and a jawbone which when examined indicated a type of man never suspected before, dating from about 500,000 years ago. No place could be found for "Piltdown Man" in accepted evolutionary theories, and it was believed to be a 'freak'.

In 1953, however, careful study and analysis of the bones proved to the scientists' satisfaction that the skull was only about 50,000 years

old and had been artificially stained to make it look older, and that the jaw was that of a modern ape, also artificially stained.

All the evidence pointed to Dawson as the perpetrator of the fake. Marston, however, whose 500,000-year-old Swanscombe skull is beyond reproach, has never accepted the "faking" theory.

### The Teeth

He agrees that the jaw is that of an ape and has no connection with the skull, but claims both are hundreds of thousands of years old, and not artificially stained to make them look older.

In an article he has submitted to the British Dental Journal but not yet published,

Marston puts his case for the antiquity of the jaw.

First, he says, the teeth in the jaw would be loose if the jaw were modern, but they are so firmly fixed that they cannot be budged. Other details, such as the blocking of the mandibular canal and the grading of the teeth convince him that the jaw is of great age.

He also contends that the turbinal nose bone of the skull is genuine, despite the experts' decision that it was fashioned from leg bone. And that the patina on both skull and jaw could not have been artificially done.

"In short," he said, "not one iota of scientific evidence has been brought forward to show that Piltdown was a hoax."

### Not Excited

The archaeological world is not expected to be excited about Marston's report.

Since no one claims now that the skull and jaw were connected, the embarrassment of a prehistoric man to whom all their theories had been removed once and for all. Whether there was a deliberate attempt to fake it or not is of little concern to the scientists.—U.P.I.

DAIRYMAN SAYS:  
**U.K. MILK MUCH BETTER THAN U.S. MILK**

Penzance. THE President of the National Dairyman's Association of England said tonight that the quality of British milk is head and shoulders above American milk.

"We have confidence that we sell milk in the way God intended it to be drunk—raw. It comes from the cow," St. Good said in an address to a dairyman's dinner here.

Good, recently returned from a tour of the American milk industry, said he has found that the English dairy industry is better run and that the public here showed greater responsibility in dealing with the bottles.

### AVERAGE LIFE

"In America the average life of the milk bottle is 24 journeys. In England it is 64," he said. "America is full of gimmicks."

"They take out a little fat here and put in a little vitamin there," Good said. "In England we have faith in our product."

When I returned to this country I felt proud of our industry," he said. Good said that in the United States the dairymen are required to work to a gross profit of 100 per cent but that in England the dairymen work to a profit of 23½ per cent.—U.P.I.

## British Spaghetti The Best?

London. BRITISH spaghetti makers claimed their products are the best in the world—much better than the Italian originals. And the British are edging in on some of Italy's export markets.

Before the war, home-produced spaghetti, macaroni and other forms of pasta totalled less than 1,000 tons a year.

Now British companies are turning out 15,000 tons a year, and British exports are rising most of

### Exporting

Not only is Britain importing little spaghetti from Italy, she now is exporting 2,000 tons a year much of it to former Italian markets—Africa, Iceland, India, Iran and even the sub-polar Falkland Islands.

The fast spread of "the continental holiday" among Britons since World War Two has increased domestic demand for pasta enormously. But the main reason for the success of the British product is said to be the use of Canadian durum wheat, which is claimed to be "perfect" for spaghetti.

### Admit It

Reginald Blackwell, production manager of a firm turning out 25 tons of spaghetti and macaroni a week said: "Since we in Britain have started using this wheat even the Italians have to admit it is better than theirs for manufacturing. They are big importers of it now." "Because of this wheat the British products are better than any other on the market."—U.P.I.

### Neck Breakers

West Palm Beach, Fla. CITY officials, informed that 95 per cent of lawbreakers are sent from jail on highways are asked by women, said they would ask the Florida League of Municipalities to adopt a resolution against high speeds. "If you, buy them, you'll break your neck,"—U.P.I.

## This ODD World Overcame Language Barrier By Standing On Hands

Derby. FRENCH acrobat Lihsarn Barrani overcame a language barrier by standing on his hands.

## The Dinner Of The Century

London. ONE hundred gourmets reached for the bi-carb after eating "The Dinner of the Century" prepared from a recipe book published in Paris in 1780.

The men, all members of the Society of Gastronomes, told French chef, Charles Jean Beaufort, to create "the best dinner in London of the Century."

### Dished Up

Beaufort got out his 230-year-old recipe book and dished up:

Milk cocktail made from yogurt and cinnamon, cream of chicken soup flavoured with pistachio nuts; fillet of sole and whole fish; breast of wild duck on rice and dried grapes garnished with fried melon; stewed yams flavoured with red pepper and tomato half a coconut lined with chocolate ribs and filled with rum flavoured sweet nut cream; skewered and grilled pickled pork and pineapple flavoured with curry and flamed in brandy.

The gourmets drank very dry sherry, white burgundy, claret, champagne and brandy with the dinner.—U.P.I.

He did the hand-stand on a bank counter when he was unable to explain his occupation in order to convert his francs into pounds.—U.P.I.

### 'Cool' Slasher

Jacksonville, Fla. POLICE didn't think Frank E. Eilam, 39, very helpful when he told them the man who slashed him with a knife was known to him only by the name of "Cool Breeze."—U.P.I.

### Swan Song

Burton-on-Trent. A LOCAL bus driver was perfectly justified in saying "Well, I swan."

A swan waddled up from the river, joined a bus queue, and got onto a bus. It rode to the next stop, got off, and returned to the river.—U.P.I.

### Misplaced Hull

London. BRITISH European Airways apologized for misplacing Hull, a city of 300,000. The airline blamed a printer for putting Hull 30 miles at sea on a new map illustrating Bea routes.—U.P.I.

## JIM FALLS ASLEEP ANYWHERE

Newcastle. MECHANIC JIM Hardy's problem is he wants to sleep all the time. That's more, he usually does, he told magistrates here. Folio hauled him into court on a charge of being drunk in his car at 3.44 a.m. and sleeping. They said they found him sleeping over the

wheel in a "sleep-drunk stupor" and had trouble waking him up. Hardy, 22, denied he was drunk. Although he had drunk five pints of beer as a party teacher.

He couldn't, he told the bench, in that, "I could sleep on a clothes line." He said he would

fall asleep in the bath and his family had to break the door down to rouse me."

Hardy's fiancée, Miss Kathleen Lewis, testified in court that she said he was asleep at the wheel regularly and that he was drunk. He said when we have been asleep talking.—U.P.I.

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# HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: The Mexican townspeople of Acapulco have found their own name for Sir Anthony Eden, Conservative Prime Minister whose handling of the Suez situation led to his resignation early in 1957. They call him "El Recondito," "the man who hides himself away," because ever since he arrived in Mexico in December leaving an announcement: "No letters will be forwarded," Eden has kept in complete seclusion. Here he soaks up the sun on a private beach. Beside him is Lady Eden.

★

RIGHT: A very efficient "arrest" took place in Whitehall recently — after making sure there were no real policemen in the offing! It was ably managed by Brian Rix in the role of P.C. Percy Hobson (rt), Leo Franklyn as P.C. Albert Blunt, and Larry Noble as Granddad Blunt. The BBC are televising "A Policeman's Lot", one of the famous Whitehall Theatre farces.

★

BELOW: High spot of the men's fashion parade at the recent opening of British Textile Exhibition in London's Earls Court was the display of plus-fours—slightly streamlined—put on by one firm conscious that fashion, like history, goes in cycles. Here photographers line up to take pictures of the plus-fours—a bit narrower than they used to be—helped by a playsuit-modelling blonde from the women's section.



ABOVE: Ten-year-old Leo Man-sung of Hongkong went to the Royal Society of Arts recently to collect prizes he won in an international painting competition for deaf children. Seen here are Sir Alfred Bosson, who presented the prizes, and Leo Man-sung, examining Leo's winning painting—"A Chinese Spring."

★ ★ ★

BELOW: The new Cuban Ambassador, Senor Sergio Rojas, arriving recently with his wife and five-year-old daughter Patricia aboard the United States Lines flagship 'United States' at Southampton. Senor Rojas, a 42-year-old accountant, helped raise support and funds in South America for Fidel Castro during the recently successful revolution.



ABOVE: Reporters crowd round with queries as the Turkish Prime Minister, Mr Adnan Menderes, returns to the London Clinic after an unexpected outing recently. He had been staying at the Clinic since the plane bringing him to the London conference on Cyprus crashed on approaching the airport.

★

LEFT: Though Princess Maria Gabriella of Savoy firmly announced that she would "never, never marry for reasons of State or, more plainly, for the interest of the Savoy family," rumours of her impending engagement to the Shah of Persia never stopped. But the Vatican stepped in—heavily. An editorial in the official newspaper Osservatore Romano made it clear that Pope John would never agree to a marriage between an unnamed Moslem sovereign and an unnamed Catholic Princess. Here Maria Gabriella tells reporters of her resolve only to marry for love.

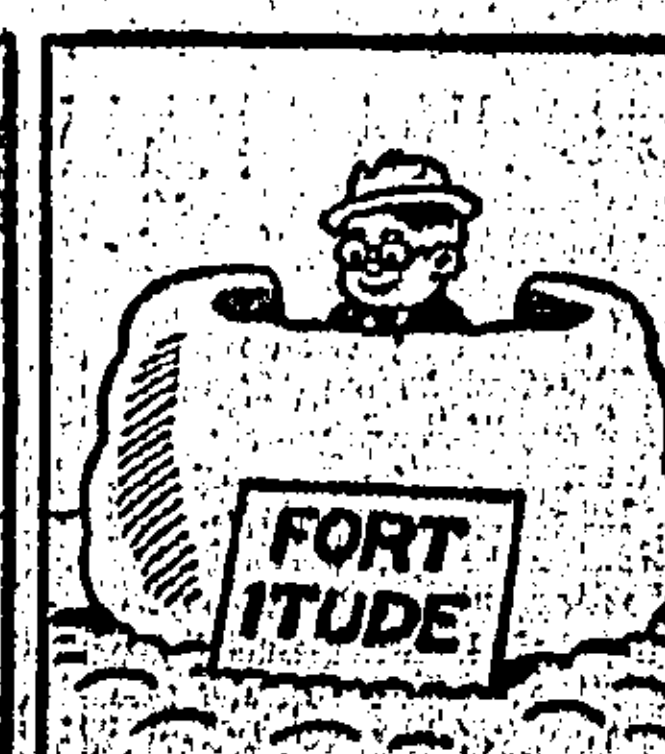
★

BELOW: Princess Alexandra prepares to cover her head before entering the Basilica de Guadalupe, Mexico City's most famous shrine.



NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



ROWNTREE'S  
DELICIOUS  
SMARTIES  
MILK  
CHOCOLATE  
BEANS



# The pipsqueak peer

London Letter

by SIR BEVERLEY BAXTER, M.P.

THE giant pear tree in my garden is like a skeleton with a dozen wrinkled arms. A solitary sparrow twitters to itself and then flies away into the overhanging mist. The people on the street walk quickly with their coat collars turned up to protect them from the wind which slaps at their faces like a wet rag.

What have the morning newspapers to tell us? Here are some actual quotes from the newspaper which lies on my writing desk:

"Liverpool air pollution from the fogs was ten times the normal amount and could be fatal to chest sufferers."

Medical Officer of Health.

"We have had so many reports of minor road crashes that we have stopped counting them."

Automobile Association official.

"The blitzards which swept across South-West England and Wales turned beauty spots into Arctic wastes."

Royal Automobile Club.

"Villagers at Braemar, Caithness, who have been isolated for 13 days by snow drifts in places 15 to 20 feet high, cheered yesterday as three men broke through the final barrier bringing urgently needed provisions. One of the men said: 'Conditions were atrocious and we had to struggle our way up to our waists in drifts so that our heads touched the telegraph wires.'"

I am aware that this may seem a mere nothing but the British are as unprepared for a snowy winter as they are for a drought in summer.

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However my purpose in giving you this weather report is not to chill you to the bone, nor even to invite your sympathy but merely to explain how the weather affects the British people.

It is both a psychological and physiological fact that as from last month the pallor of the British is exhausted. Anything may happen and usually it does.

Therefore we were not surprised when Lord Altrincham, known affectionately as "The Pipsqueak Peer" erupted again. You may or you may not remember that he and the youthful Lord Londonderry once took it upon themselves to criticise the Queen.

On that occasion Lord Londonderry's grandmother gave her grandson "wet for not art" and he has never been heard of since, but nothing can suppress Lord Altrincham. Headlines attract him like a purple sin. Only a short time ago he opened fire on the Archbishop of Canterbury, as the head of the Anglican Church, using a Birmingham newspaper as his medium. Full of reforming

zeal Lord Altrincham wrote that if he were the Archbishop he would arrange for mist parsons to be more easily removable, for the Church Assembly to be more representative of ordinary church-goers and that Anglicanism should become more like a form of Gandhi-style Christianity.

"The present state of the Church of England," he wrote, "is surely rather laughable. It resists the authoritarian claims of the papacy, and its clergy get very hot under their dog collars if the Pope propounds some new and highly indigestible dogma."

★ ★ ★

Then with a final fling: "Most English persons are much happier talking about a Test Match than about the Resurrection." After which our lordly pierrot prances off the stage with a comical glance at the gallery. Accepting a few claps as an encore he prances again on the stage, and in a few short well chosen words declares that he would like to see marriages between the Royal Family and people of different race or even colour.

Hardly had Lord Altrincham finished his pas seul when the noble Earl Attlee, Knight of the Garter, Privy Counsellor, holder of the Order of Merit, and former Prime Minister, took it upon himself to bite the hand that fed him—and not only to bite but to chew it.

★ ★ ★

Filling his fountain pen with invisible acid he proceeded to attack British politicians in general, and not merely on party lines. The medium he chose was the periodical "POLITICAL QUARTERLY" but quite rightly the newspapers lifted it and gave world-wide circulation to the diatribe.

The little coroneted Left Wing bantam declares in the article that M.P.'s are stuffed up with self-importance, that we put private interests first, and that we are little seekers. Then, rather oddly, he admits that the majority of us are imbued with the incentive of service—some wholly so—and that a number of us are pure gold.

Warning to his task, yet anxious to maintain an air of fairness, the notes Earl proceeds to explain that men are drawn to public life for motives that are not wholly detached from

personal ambition. There are M.P.'s he says who take up politics quite frankly to further private enterprises in which they are concerned. There are others who are there to serve Big Business in which they are directly concerned.

With a final swipe Lord Attlee declares that there are out-and-out careerists who have no settled convictions on anything but to creep and climb into the fold. He should have added that in the House of Lords you can have the glory without even bothering about the fold.

I have always liked Clem Attlee and felt that his critics underestimated him but I cannot understand the bitterness with which he has turned on the British Parliamentary system which made him Prime Minister and ultimately a coroneted peer. Nor did his favours end there. Using the prestige of his political background, he has now become a newspaper commentator, who is paid a very high fee for his contributions.

But let us look with clear appraising eyes at the charges made against Parliament and its elected members. Take first the accusation that many M.P.'s are committed to support the cause of industries or business in which they have a direct financial interest.

★ ★ ★

Actually there is a Parliamentary ruling on that very point. Providing an M.P. declares to the House his private interest in the matter under debate he is not only welcomed for his close knowledge of the subject but often given priority in the debate. If the subject under discussion involves a clash between, let us say, the Trade Unions and the Employers, Mr Speaker will deliberately call M.P.'s from both sides of the House who have an intimate knowledge and even connection with the dispute. Let me repeat that these M.P.'s must declare their interest before they begin their speech.

There was just such a clash when the Socialists were in power and debated the nationalisation of the steel industry. Of course those M.P.'s who were steel directors not only put their arguments before the House but automatically disclosed their private interest. In the same way any Socialist M.P. who had worked in a steel plant would be given priority in the debate over a Socialist M.P. from, say, East London.

★ ★ ★

The duty of Parliament is to govern the country and to ensure legislation that will benefit the Nation generally. If there are M.P.'s who deliberately put their personal interests before that of the Nation there is always his own party argument which can demand an explanation and, if necessary, withdraw its support.

Now let us deal with the other charges made by the noble Earl. He says that there are men in Parliament who are careerists. In the name of Belshazzar what does that mean? I never had any doubt that Harold Macmillan was ambitious. Nor did Winston Churchill or Lloyd George lack that same quality. May the gods forgive me but I suspect nearly all M.P.'s of being guilty of the same charge.

Is a man with legal brain a careerist because he embraces the law as a profession? Is a designer of aircraft engines a careerist because he brings special training to his task? Was Shakespeare a careerist because he gave enchantment to words?

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Does a man enter Parliament at Westminster because "he dreams of being rewarded with a title"? It might be said that Attlee took up politics because it was the only way he would ever acquire a title, but it would be a monstrous lie. He was a careerist in the best sense of the word and he rose to supreme office.

But when the time came for him to leave the House of Commons he found himself in the same dilemma as Ramsey MacDonald, who, like Attlee, became a Labour Prime Minister. As it happened Stanley Baldwin

went with MacDonald to proffer their retirement resignations to the King. Baldwin came back with an earldom, Ramsey MacDonald came back with nothing, which was his own decision.

On his return from the Palace I asked MacDonald why he had not accepted an earldom. MacDonald was a vain man in many ways but there was complete simplicity and sincerity in his reply to my question. "After all these years," he said, "with the fester folk of Leamouth calling me 'Jaimie' do you think I'm going to have them touching their caps and calling me 'mildord'?"

★ ★ ★

Clem Attlee would no doubt say that in his own case he accepted an earldom on retirement because that is the traditional honour bestowed upon a retiring Prime Minister—and why should a Socialist admit a lower status than a Conservative?

But just a minute. In accepting an earldom our one time Labour Prime Minister brought into being no less than five courtesy titles in addition to his own. Mrs Attlee became Viscountess, their son became Viscount Prestwood, and their three married daughters became Lady Gertrude, Lady Mary, and Lady Helen—or whatever their first names and married names happen to be.

Again I offer no criticism because a man who has served as Prime Minister is entitled to the highest honours which the Monarch can bestow. But if Earl Attlee chooses to denounce members of the Parliament in general as careerists and title chasers he must admit that he took away almost everything but the kitchen stove when he went to the Palace to proffer his resignation to the Sovereign.

★ ★ ★

These then are the charges which Earl Attlee has seen fit to make in print rather than on the floor of the House of Lords where such a reply would have been made as occurred to the peers, who were present.

Attlee is not a physical coward—his service at Gallipoli proves that—and he is not a moral coward. But what can we say to a man who never attacked the House of Commons as an institution when he was one of its members, and never made a speech in the House of Lords urging that it should be changed into a Senate which would admit into its membership both peers and commoners?

The only explanation seems to be the weather (which is simply vile) plus the strange English custom which makes them "British" England and the English as though they were referring to some other country and some other race. Hence Lord Altrincham, the Pipsqueak Peer, and now the noble Earl Attlee who travelled from Wimbledon to Gallipoli to Lincolnshire to the Commons to Downing Street and to the House of Peers and now pronounces the last thrilling, pregnant line of the drama: "It is not what it seems."

★ ★ ★

As I said before the English—and I mean the English—love to decry the country that they love, especially when there is a new, east wind which like today is colder than charity.

The King blew his nose twice and wiped the royal perspiration repeatedly from a face which is probably the largest undivided spot in England.

★ ★ ★

When two Englishmen meet their first talk is of the weather.

We know of no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodic fits of morality. Macmillan's essay.

The English winter—ending in July to recommence in August.

The English will always be fools. We shall never be sensible.



"When they start talking about non-aggression pacts, Comrade Journalist, I get a horrid sinking feeling..." London Express Service.

## £1,000 HOLIDAY IS OFFERED FOR THOUSANDS OF public and private libraries in Britain, Canada and the U.S.A. have been asked to look for Bermuda's missing 344-year-old Royal Charter. The finder, and a companion of his or her choice, will be given a holiday worth nearly £1,000 on the island.

Sir Bayard Dill, chairman of the Bermuda Trade Development Board, who is visiting London, said:

"I do not want you to think we are a careless people to have lost what should be one of our most treasured possessions."

"Our Government officials thought it was safely lodged in London and only when we asked for it to be loaned to us for our 350th anniversary

celebrations this year did we discover that it had disappeared."

In Bermuda a special office has been set up to deal with the search. Head of it is Mr Lawrence Gurrin, the colonial archivist.

He is sending out letters and radio and Press appeals to the three countries for help.

**Promising report** "We have had a number of letters back with the ideas and suggestions as to what has happened to the

charter and these are being followed up," said Sir Bayard.

"The most promising that we have just received is that the charter may have been included in the Philip manuscripts, a collection of an eccentric which was auctioned off in lots in Cardiff at the turn of the century."

N.B. to the winner: The first class return air fare to Bermuda is £279 15s.

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# Growth of the Force

UP to the time covered by the previous article on the Hongkong Police, Indian Police Constables had been recruited from Indian Regiments stationed here. But in 1862, the Superintendent, Captain W. Quin, who had served in the Army and also with the Bombay Police resolved to try Bombay and Madras as recruiting grounds.

His efforts proved to be successful, numerically speaking, for by 1865, the strength of the Police Force had risen to 610, and breaking it down by nationalities shows that of that number, 369 were Indians, 165 Chinese, and 76 Europeans.

However, the Administrator, the Hon. Mr W. T. Mercer reported that he found the Indian Police recruits exceedingly unsatisfactory. The Superintendent challenged this by saying that they had not received a fair trial. At the same time the Superintendent opposed the suggestion that recruiting should be increased among the Chinese.

The situation deteriorated: In 1867, Sir R. MacDonnell assumed the Secretary of State for the Colonies that he had not seen in any British Colony so ineffective a force of men.

Although little is said of the matter, the fact is that neither the status nor the pay offered the police was likely to attract the right kind of man.

We have, for instance, the ludicrous situation occurring at this time of a retiring police sergeant, a European, putting in for a licence to run a bar in Queen's Road, and of his application being turned down by the Magistrate on the grounds that the applicant was not of good character.

In 1868, district watchmen were employed, the consequence being that friction at once resulted between the Captain-Superintendent and the Registrar-General.

At the same time, these district watchmen proved very useful as auxiliaries to the Police.

In the meantime Indians in the Police Force were replaced by men from the Punjab, and a Police School was established.

This did something, but not enough. The numerous incidents of the Police being 'got at' led to a strong expression of general dissatisfaction which resulted in a Commission of Enquiry which sat in 1872.

The years 1877 and 1878 saw crime on the increase again. Not only property but life was insecure.

In the outlying districts, open, and during attacks were made upon both Chinese and

The findings of this Commission were three—

- (1) That higher salaries should be paid.
- (2) That there should be a detective staff.
- (3) That facilities for learning Chinese should be granted both Europeans and Indians.

In 1873, the office of Assistant Superintendent was abolished, and replaced by that of Chief Inspector.

Also in 1873, a station was built at Yau-mai which placed itself more or less across the path of a route followed by the wicked ones who wandered between the sinful village of Shamshui, outside British Territory in those days, and the Colony.

It is from this time that the growing efficiency of the Chinese constables is noticed, and they were given credit for effecting arrests impossible to the Indian or European Police of the Force.

By 1880, a Chinese detective improved upon this by recovering £1,000 in gold coins after a smart piece of work he carried out practically alone.

The years 1877 and 1878 saw crime on the increase again. Not only property but life was insecure.

In the outlying districts, open, and during attacks were made upon both Chinese and

Europeans. This coincides with Sir J. Pope-Hennessy's administration, but it is not fair to criticise one side or the other from a distance of eighty years.

Undoubtedly, Sir John did make mistakes, but he had the right idea. He realised that if Hongkong was to be the successful Colony it could be, then the Chinese must play a larger leading part in its administration.

Today very few would quarrel with such an enlightened opinion, in fact it is the giving concrete effect to such an opinion that has placed the British Commonwealth on a pinnacle among the groups of Nations.

But to be perfectly fair, I must also say that if there is one thing worse than holding people in subjection, it is the granting of enfranchisement before they are ready to receive it. The First Essential of a Democracy is an Educated Electorate.

Sir J. Pope-Hennessy was a humanitarian, and as such I admire his memory. He was a fair-minded administrator and an honourable man, but he did want to push things ahead before his people were ready for them. And that was his failing.

And for that reason the Colony turned against him, and he became the butt of the wits and the object of a public expression of contempt.

By JOHN LUFF

It is possible to admire our forefathers. They were an arrogant crowd, but they had courage and imagination, and they were ever mindful of the fact that they had carved a fine Colony out of a bare rock.

But they convinced themselves of a racial superiority, and many are going to quote from a rather biased writer of some seventy years ago.

My qualification, rather lengthy, is necessary because I am going to quote from a rather biased writer of some seventy years ago.

"But it was not only in personal matter that Sir J. Pope-Hennessy showed the cloven hoof. His entire administration was tinged with a prejudice which did not favour the predominant section of the community." (The writer is criticising Sir John's appointment of Mr. Ng Chor, a Chinese Barrister to a vacant post on the Legislative Council).

Even when he acted rightly Sir J. Pope-Hennessy so contrived matters as to invite condemnation. One of his pet official bobbies was a scheme of criminal reform based in the main on the philanthropic ideal which obtain in England.

Whipping, branding, and deporting... features of the penal system of the Colony, as he found it, were strongly condemned and eventually abolished by him. And he made other changes in the direction of greater leniency.

The Chinese lower classes were naturally grateful for the favours received, and dubbed the Governor "the merciful man," but the European community with a profounder knowledge of the springs of Chinese criminal nature, were profoundly dissatisfied at what they regarded as the dangerous workings of a policy adopted by the Governor.

A great outburst of serious crime which took place in 1878 lent point to the indignant representations of this important section of the population, and as month succeeded month and the crimes increased in seriousness, it was determined to hold an indignation meeting to protest against the action that had been taken.

The demonstration took place on October 7, 1878, on the Cricket Ground. It was one of the most important gatherings of the kind ever held in the history of the Colony.

Steam launches were obtained for harbour work, and these cut down, or made miserable, the lives of those who had pursued wickedness on the face of the waters. Tsimshatsui, by the way, occupies the site from

Mr H. Gibb was in the Chair, and he was supported by practically every leading merchant of the Colony excepting the scoundrel member of the Legislative Council (the Hon. Philip Rhye) who for particular reasons held aloof.

The Chinese held a counter demonstration, petitioning Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, and expressing confidence in Her representative.

The Colonial Secretary refused to appoint a Commission from England, but admitted the Europeans had reasons for complaint regarding the rise of the criminal classes. But by his own and had suffered the treatment of the old law, receiving, sending the consistent lawbreakers up to the Supreme Court instead of letting the Magistrates deal with them.

The old system of deportation was revived, but regarding corporal punishment, Sir John Pope-Hennessy was adamant.

The business of flogging and branding had been taken over from the Chinese Criminal Code, but England supported Sir John here. These punishments were forbidden in Hongkong, excepting that flogging could be administered where flogging would have been awarded in England for similar criminal offences.

The Superintendent of Police supported Sir John through all this, and stated that the increase in crime in the years of 1877-8 was due not to leniency on the Governor's part, but to famine in China and the high price of rice in Hongkong.

An earlier article on gambling will have informed readers of the hold this particular form of recreation had upon the life of the Colony, and of how different Governments tried to retain some kind of control over it.

But the stricter the control, and the more rigid the legislation, the more secretly it was practised.

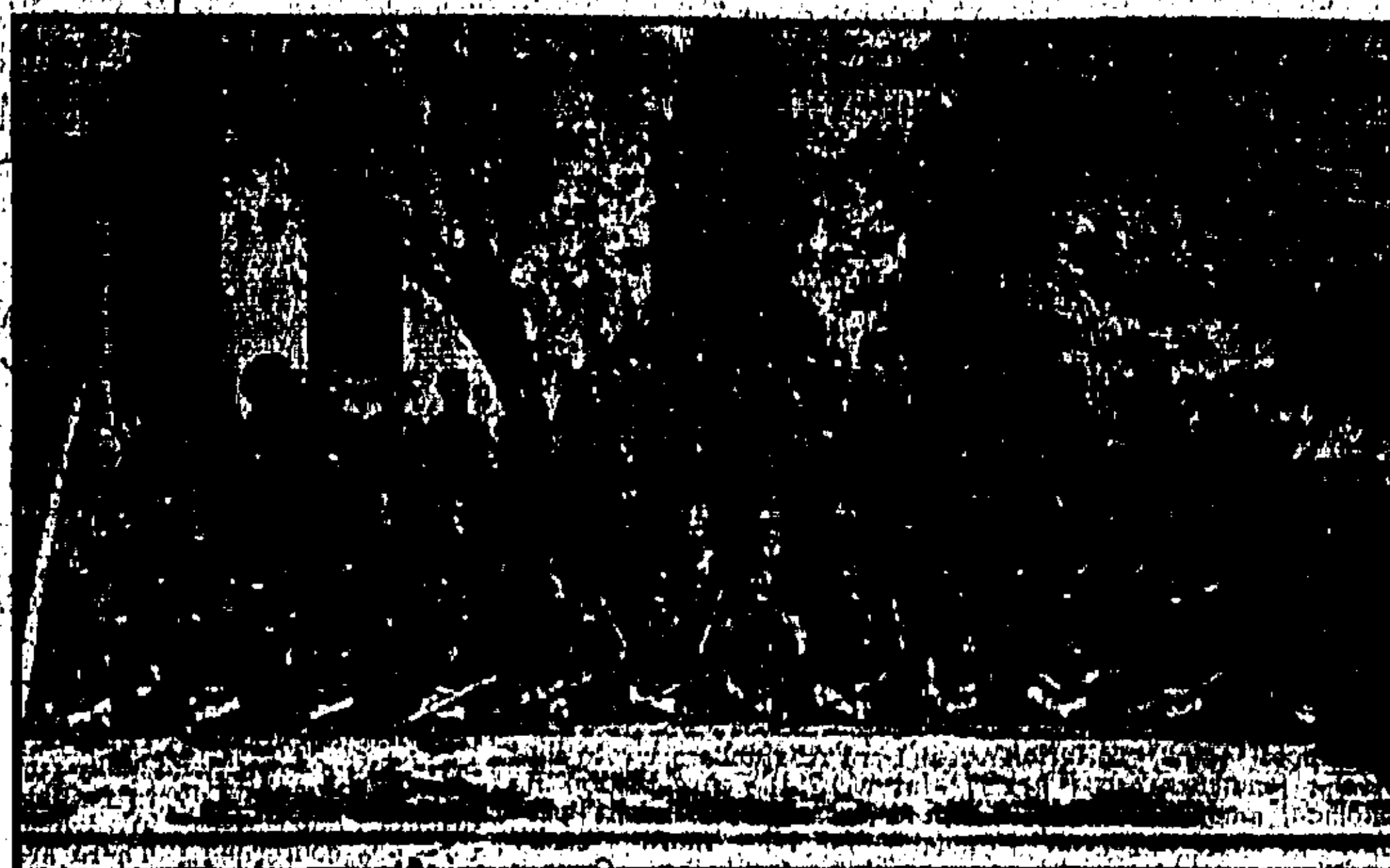
The bribes offered for turning a blind eye were considerable, and some of the Police Force fell by the wayside. Such allegations did it reach that there was a public outcry in 1877. This led to a searching investigation by the Captain-Superintendent.

One European Inspector was convicted and sent to gaol for six months with hard labour, while others and some European Sergeants, together with 19 Indian and 26 Chinese Police were dismissed from the Force for taking bribes.

In 1879, the robbers attacked Hungshui. It seems to make a case for the retention of punishment when it is proved, and only when it is proved, a deterrent.

In 1884, Tsimshatsui was opened for the Marine Police, or Water Police as they called them then.

Steam launches were obtained for harbour work, and these cut down, or made miserable, the lives of those who had pursued wickedness on the face of the waters. Tsimshatsui, by the way, occupies the site from



An Indian Police contingent

which the Chinese bombarded the British ships in the harbour in the year 1859.

New Police Stations were built at Aberdeen, Tsz Tsz Mul, and Kennedy Town in 1891.

In 1893, Mr F. H. May, later to become Colonial Secretary, and eventually Governor of the Colony, was appointed Captain-Superintendent of Police.

In the year 1895, the control of the Fire Brigade and the Gaol were added to the Captain-Superintendent's duties, for reasons of economy.

The same year saw an increase in crime, especially in burglary and armed assault, after dark. As a consequence, the lantern carrying regulation was brought back with a subsequent fall in this particular kind of outrage.

The total population of the Colony had increased to 250,000 by this time; the strength of the Police Force was 627.

Two new Stations were built on the mainland during 1900, one at Sai Kung and the other at She Tau Kok.

During 1899, there were 18 gang robberies on the Island and 25 in the New Territories.

Two new Stations were built on the mainland during 1900, one at Sai Kung and the other at She Tau Kok.

The Police were re-armed with the new 303 Martini-Enfield carbines at this time, and three Maxim guns were placed on board the new patrol launches. A terrible typhoon during 1900 played havoc with the Police launch in the harbour and completely demolished the Police Station at Shamshui-po.

During the same typhoon, the Police rendered such yeoman service to the community, especially the Chinese, that they were commended by His Excellency, Sir Matthew Nathan in the following words:

"Many hundreds of Chinese lives were saved by the Police in the Island, in Kowloon, and in the New Territories during and after the storm."

For those who read facts in figures better than in prose, it is interesting to look at the figures for 1907 at a time when the Police Force was established on lines which show a continuity with today.

During 1907, 11,540 cases were reported to the Police, an increase of 3.55 per cent over the previous year. Some 3,300 related to serious offences, a decrease of 81 per cent.

Arising out of this, 2,030 persons were arrested, and 1,592 were convicted. 14 murders were reported and 24 persons were arrested and 10 convicted. There were 6 gang robberies, 3 of which took place in the New Territories, and in 3 cases no arrest was made.

The Police failed also to make any arrests in 15 out of 24 cases of street and highway robbery.

There were 8,234 minor offences and 10,500 arrests, resulting in 9,901 convictions. 147 gambling warrants were issued and in each case a conviction followed.

A total of 2,781 search warrants for prepared opium were executed by the Police and Excise Officers, and 787 cases, opium was found and 1,057 persons were apprehended. The estimated value of property stolen in 1907 was \$141,334, and of that recovered by the Police, \$18,787.

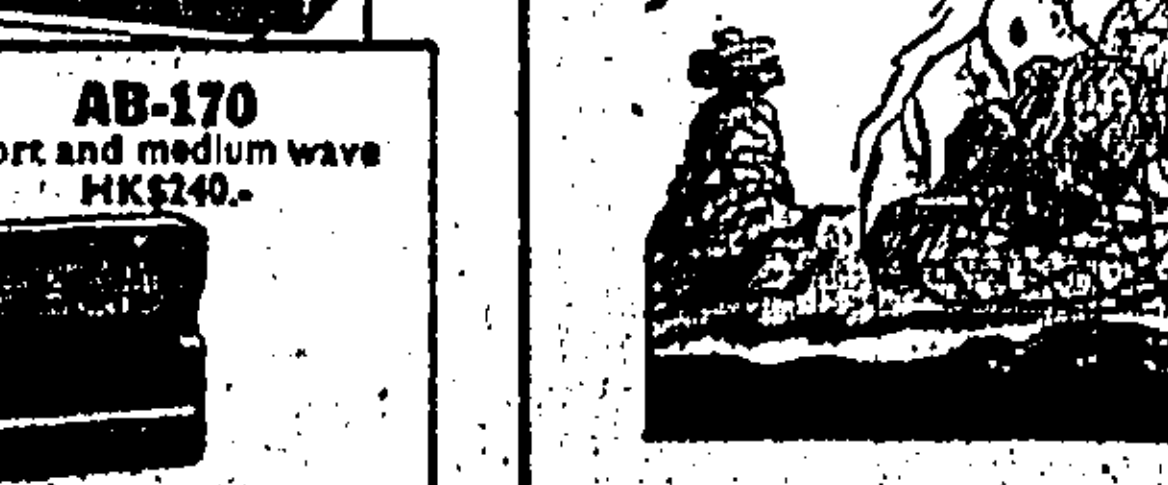
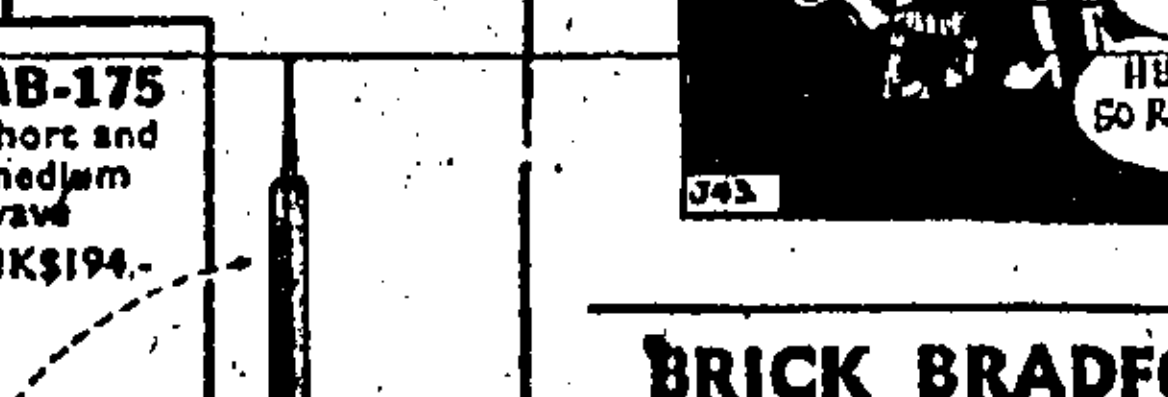
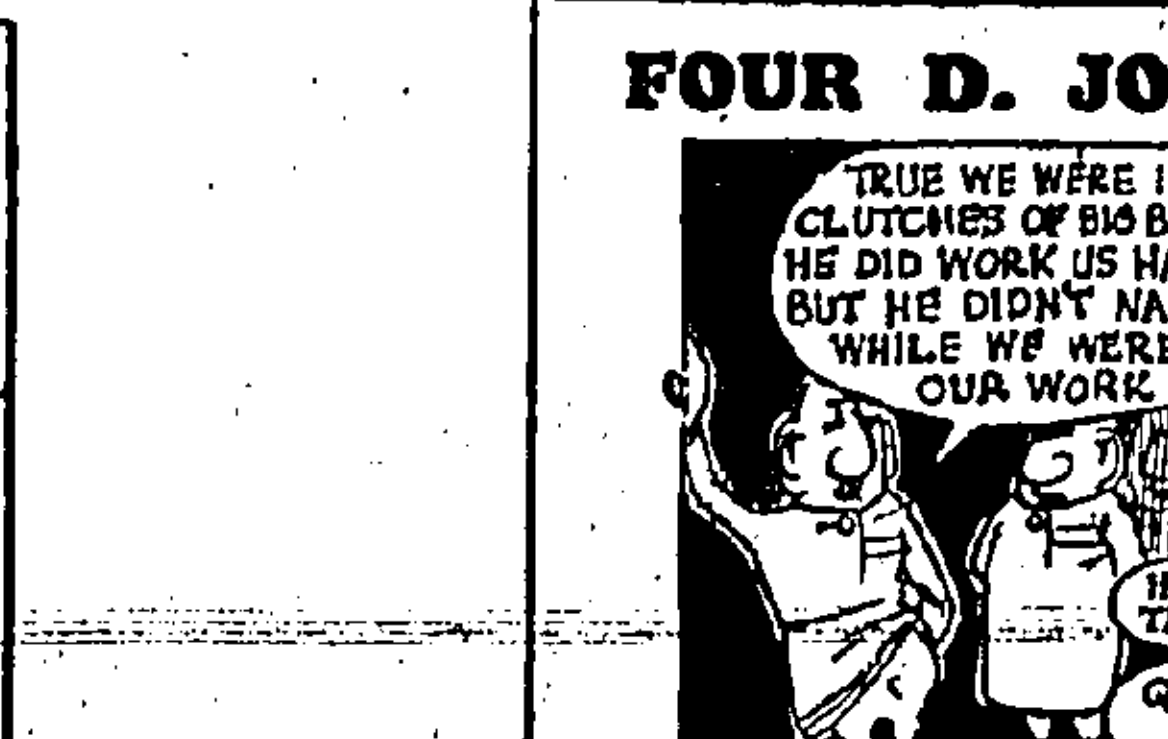
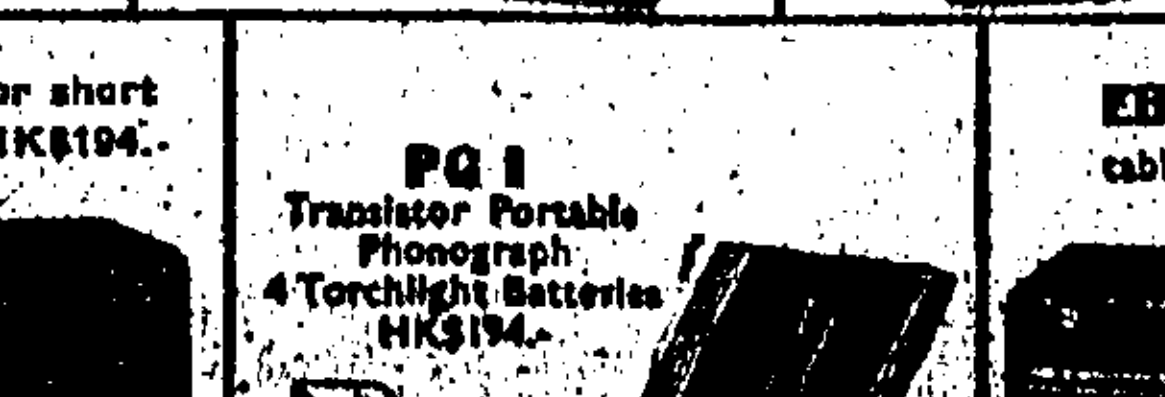
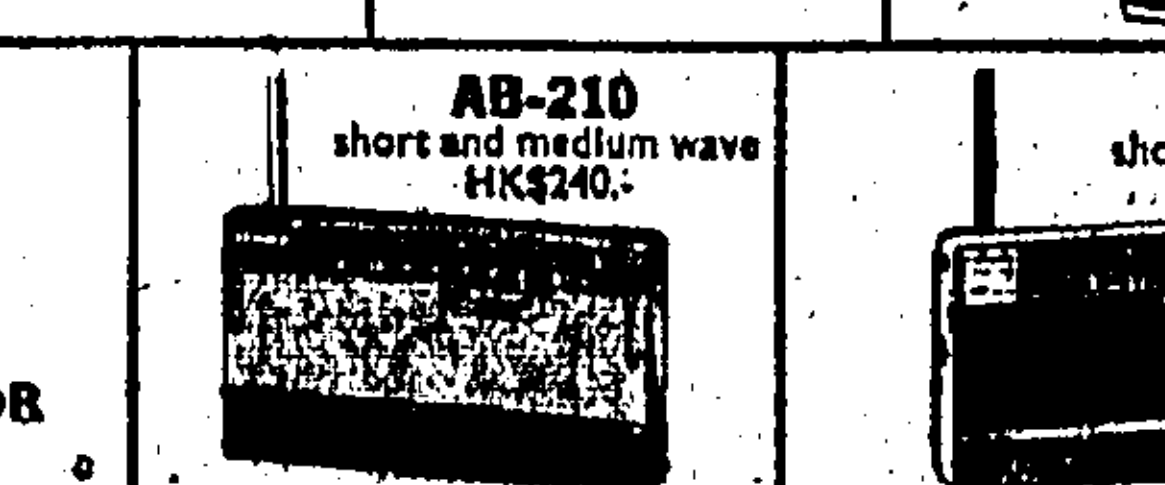
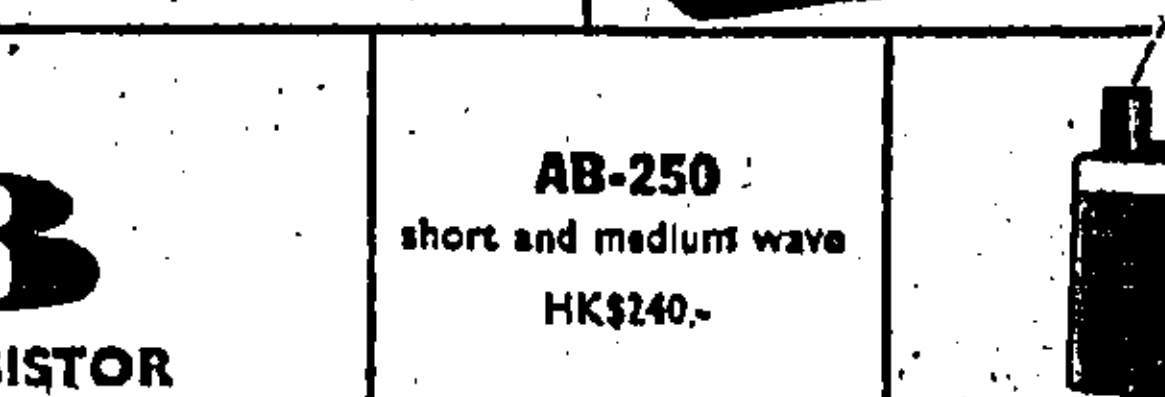
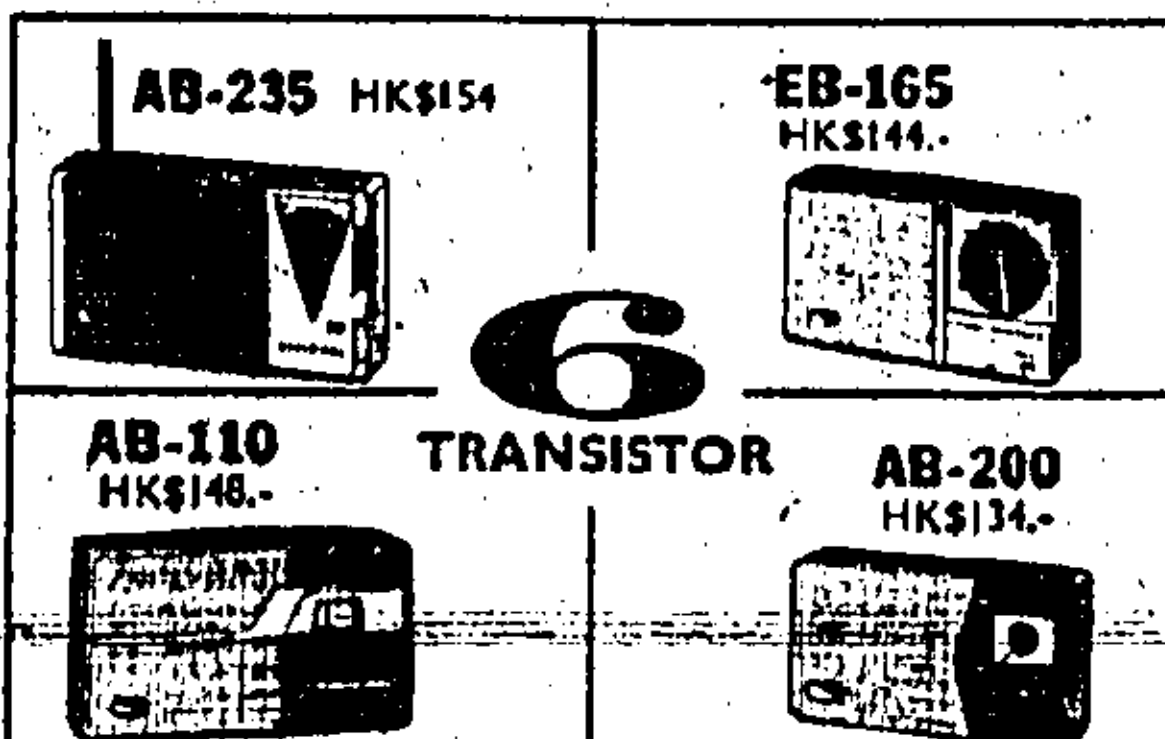
It must be remembered that the days of which I write were more lenient, and the vast headache introduced by the motor vehicle had yet to arise. Nevertheless, if crime was not taken in its stride, it was met and held down and at no time have things got really out of control.

And this in spite of the fact that British procedure does not permit the Police extraordinary measures against such nefarious societies as the Triads.

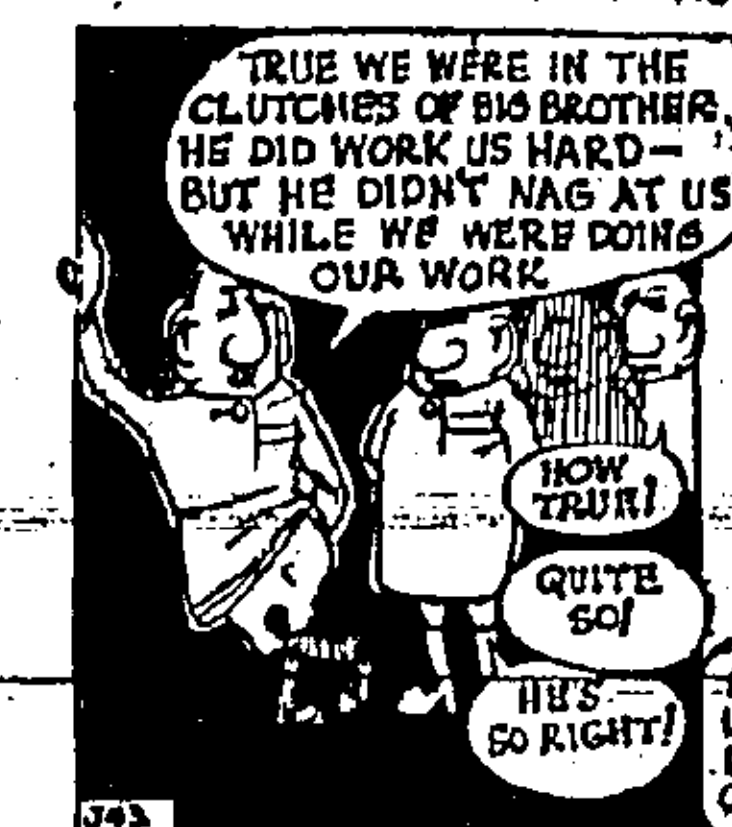


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## NATIONAL RADIOS



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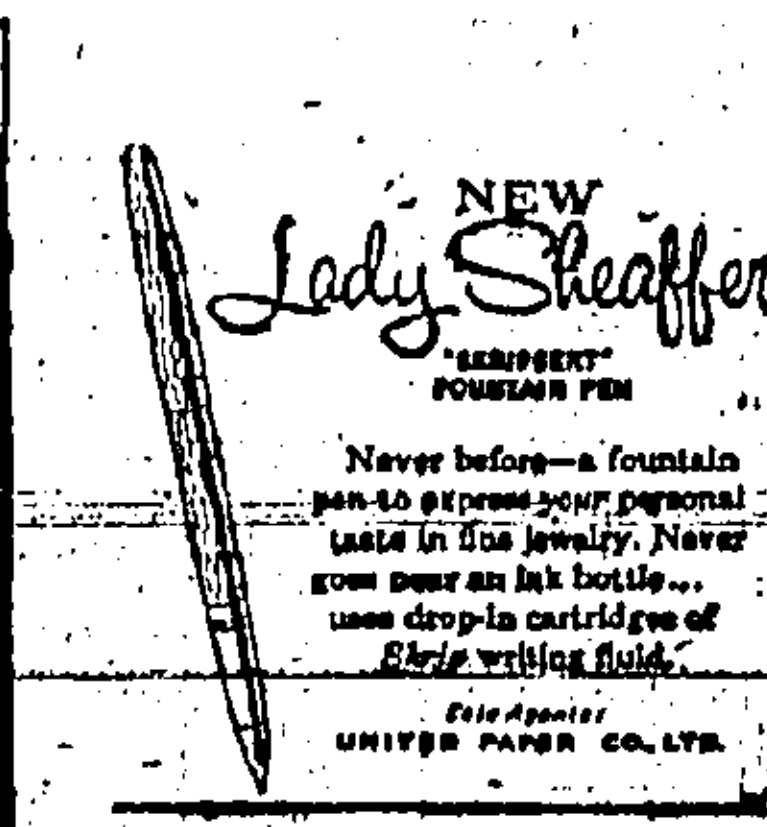
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# A blind man's reluctant rediscovery of the world of sight

by MERRICK WINN

**SIDNEY BRADFORD**, blind for more than 50 years, turned his pale but seeing eyes up to the sky and said, with not much interest: "That can't be the moon, it's got a bit missing."

So I explained about the moon and its quarters and we got back in the car, on our way to London, and he went on telling me how he may go blind again in six months' time.

"As I was saying," he said, "if I do go blind again, I'll stay blind. No more operations. I don't think much of sight and I was happier as I was."

He said it casually, even thoughtfully, as though afraid to be thought ungrateful. And he went on peering at the world and at the people, but dutifully, to please me.

## In the dark

I said nothing. There was plenty of time. This was his first day out of Wolverhampton Eye Infirmary where, two months ago, they gave him back at 52 the sight he lost when he was ten months old.

Now I was bringing him to London, intending to spend three days with him, to try to share his first experiences in the seeing world, not knowing it would be harder than I knew. Harder even than two Cambridge scientists knew—the ones we were on our way to meet.

It was getting dark, sidelight time, and I stopped saying "There's a sheep," and "That's a bridge," and being disappointed, and suspicious, because he said simply "Yes." I was to understand later.

He had been quiet, in the hospital, for some days, not wanting to leave. He was quiet now. He sat in the car, with his hat on, dabbing his eyes, mostly the left one.

His eyes were a brilliant blue, but to me they looked bad. "Milk," he said, almost. He said, indifferently, "I think the left one's going already."

Then it got to headlight time and he seemed a bit about the important things in his blind years and the most important thing was this: blind, he was happy. Or he seemed so, looking back.

He was happy in his boiler-plate job, in the local gas-works, happy in his Burton-on-Trent home in the squat back

street of squat houses and four lamp-posts; happy with his beer and pipe and crumpets, with the feel and the smell of his garden.

It was a safe and sheltered world, as the blind world often is. Then he was told he could have back his sight.

He told me: "I refused at first. I'd never wanted sight—how could I? I never knew what seeing meant."

He dabbed his left eye, silent. Then, "But I decided I ought to. People kept talking about how wonderful seeing was and it seemed wrong to refuse. Now I'm not sure."

## Lost world

But he said even this cheerfully, for he is a cheerful, friendly man, though hard to get at, with a lot going on underneath. There is almost certainly, no need to pity him.

He had to wait three years, because of the shortage of voices for grafting, and then he was not cheerful. They were the worst years of his life. He grew thin and old and brooding.

"It wasn't simply the waiting," he said. "I don't know what it was. Somehow I felt I'd lost something."

So he had. In 50 years he had built up his good world, complete and satisfying, and so won a victory. Now he was throwing it away. There would have to be sacrifices.

He said: "The first operations and the bandages were taken off. He saw. And we who can see may naively think this was the most momentous day of his life; that the blind given sight must want to fall on their knees and cry: 'Wonderful!'"

## First face

No. Most of them fall and cry all right, but they cry for help, because they cannot stand up, because they are overwhelmed by giddiness and fear of the enormous flood of sight.

Or they feel that the things they see are reaching in, touching their eyes, threatening; and some are so terrified they have to be put back to bed and drugged to sleep, and so made "blind" again and safe.

The unsentimental truth is this: to regain sight may be worse than to be blinded.

It was not this bad for Sidney Bradford—and this was significant—but it was bad enough.

He not only did not know what the world looked like, he did not, apparently, even know what looking was. His world of touch and sound and smell and taste ended at the finger-tips, at the limit of his hearing.

Now he had to learn to see, to adapt to a world which to him was as much a babel of sights as Chinese to us is a babel of sounds. He had to separate the "words" of sight, before he could learn them.

For him a table laid for dinner with plates and cutlery and flowers in vases was a

single, solid object. He had to learn the different things—like this—

"I'd pick up a fork, feel it, and remembering how a fork felt when I was blind I could say: 'This is a fork.' Then I had to learn to remember it the next time I saw it."

When he looked up on that first day and "saw" the surgeon's face he did NOT say: "Ah, the wonderful surgeon." What he did was this—

"I saw a dark shape with a bump sticking out and heard a voice, so I felt my nose and guessed the bump was a nose. Then I knew if this was a nose I was seeing a face."

Sidney Bradford has had to do this with everything—a stupendous task. Similarly, he has had to adapt to ideas of height and depth and distance, all alien to the blind.

This is why he would have stepped from the hospital window to the pavement, not understanding it was 30ft below. This is why he said—

"People seemed at first smaller than they really are, and buildings bigger, and stairs higher, and I felt I could reach up and touch the sun."

Now here is an important thing. In practically all recorded cases it has taken up to six months to adapt to the seeing world. It takes some people weeks to recognise even the difference between a square and a triangle, without first having to count the corners.

Sidney Bradford did it all almost at once. And he did it with a state of vision which, pending further operations, is fantastically distorted.

How did he do it? The theory is complex, and so far a bit up in the sky, but it seems possible that "The Bradford Case" will upset previous theories about how we see. And it may influence the future training of blind children.

## TARGET

I	R	E
R	T	C
A	E	S

HOW many words of four letters or more can you make from the letters in the square above? The letters in the square are the letters in the word "TARGET".

## CHESS

by LEONARD BARDEN  
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# Otto John: an amazing document

HE WAS ACCUSED  
IN 1957  
OF BEING A TRAITOR  
TO THE NAZIS

Cologne.  
IN all the ill-starred career of Dr Otto John, West Germany's ex-security chief—he escaped from Soviet captivity only to be gaoled for alleged treason by his own people—there is no disaster more bitter than his attempted visit recently to Britain.

After talking with Dr John at his home in Cologne I can reveal that this man, turned back as an undesirable alien, had come to Britain with important information for the chief of Britain's M.I.5.

## No chance

Dr John wanted to give the head of Britain's counter-espionage service a first-hand account of the five weeks of close interrogation he was put through in Russia by a posse of the Kremlin's top intelligence specialists.

It is of unique and fascinating interest, this report of Dr John's. I say so after having myself heard all but its most secret details from Dr John.

I am certain that our intelligence men must be anxious to receive it, firstly because Dr John is the first Western intelligence chief to have been captured by the Russians and to have escaped West again.

Secondly, expert analysis of the questions asked by the Russians will reveal not only their technique of interrogation but, more important, their knowledge about the West and its secret agencies.

John himself has been longing to pass on this information ever since he first arrived in Berlin on December 12, 1955, after that Piripernel escape across the sector boundary with the Danish journalist Hendrick Boudie-Hendricksen.

"Alas," says John, "neither the German service nor the

British intelligence men have come anywhere near me. I have not been able to pass them anything.

"When I was first examined in Bonn by Dr Wichmann, the then Attorney-General, he asked me whether I had any information which required immediate action.

"I told him I had nothing of that kind, but that I wanted to make a full report for the German and Allied agencies at the earliest moment.

"Believe this if you can," and Dr John stared at me, his blue eyes large with intensity, "I have never been given the chance."

Dr John told me how, after he had been sentenced by the Karlsruhe Supreme Court—from which there is no appeal—he got his lawyer to write to the British Embassy in Bonn.

He told them that he was anxious to give a report of his interrogation to the British authorities as so many of the questions put to him by the Russians concerned the British service.

An acknowledgment of his letter arrived at the lawyer's offices, but that was all.

## The truth...

"When I was released," said Dr John, "my first thought was to make this promised report in writing and mail it to London.

"But then I decided that it would be better to wait until the ban on my leaving Germany had been lifted and make the report in London in person."

The truth, of course, is that ever since Dr John on July 20, 1954, vanished into East Berlin, the British authorities have had an absolute taboo on any of their people showing any interest in him.

Why? Because Otto John is anathema to the ex-henchmen of Hitler who are back in power today.

Our diplomats, keeping in with the powers that be—as is the rule of their trade—don't want to offend them.

For the German high-ups who put John on trial after his return from the East, his real treason was that during the war he had worked with the British to destroy Hitler and his Reich.

After the war he had gone on working—unsuccessfully, I must confess—to prevent the return to influence of the Germans who have twice in my lifetime plunged the world into war.

## The proof...

You want proof? While John was serving his sentence in Münster gaol, Attorney-General Dr Max Guede, who indicted him in the Karlsruhe trial, formally preferred another charge against Otto John. It was that he had betrayed the secrets of the Peenemünde rocket base to the British and had thereby provoked the R.A.F. bombing raid in which the base was destroyed and 8,000 German lives were lost.

In other words, in the judicial eyes of the authorities ruling Germany today, Hitler's war and its prosecution were fully legitimate operations and all Germans who opposed it were guilty of a criminal offence.

For weeks Herr Guede and his assistants questioned John about his alleged Peenemünde treason. But finally, on July 4, 1957, Guede informed Dr John that the charge against him had been dropped.

Dropped, mind you, not because the accusation was entirely monstrous when preferred by a State which in theory has sworn Hitler and all his works. Guede dropped the charge for "lack of supporting evidence."

Frankly I shall not be surprised if the wartime treason charge is renewed against John a little later.

## Quite candid

For John is dangerously candid about his activities in the little band of anti-Nazis around Admiral Canaris (the admiral later executed by Hitler) who considered it their patriotic duty as Germans to free Germany of Hitler and sabotage his war.

He makes no bones about his work with the British Secret Service either. John's first

meeting with Canaris, he tells me, was early in March 1939.

The John, a young official in the Luftwaffe always concerned, was able to warn the admiral of Hitler's coming march into Prague and give him its exact date.

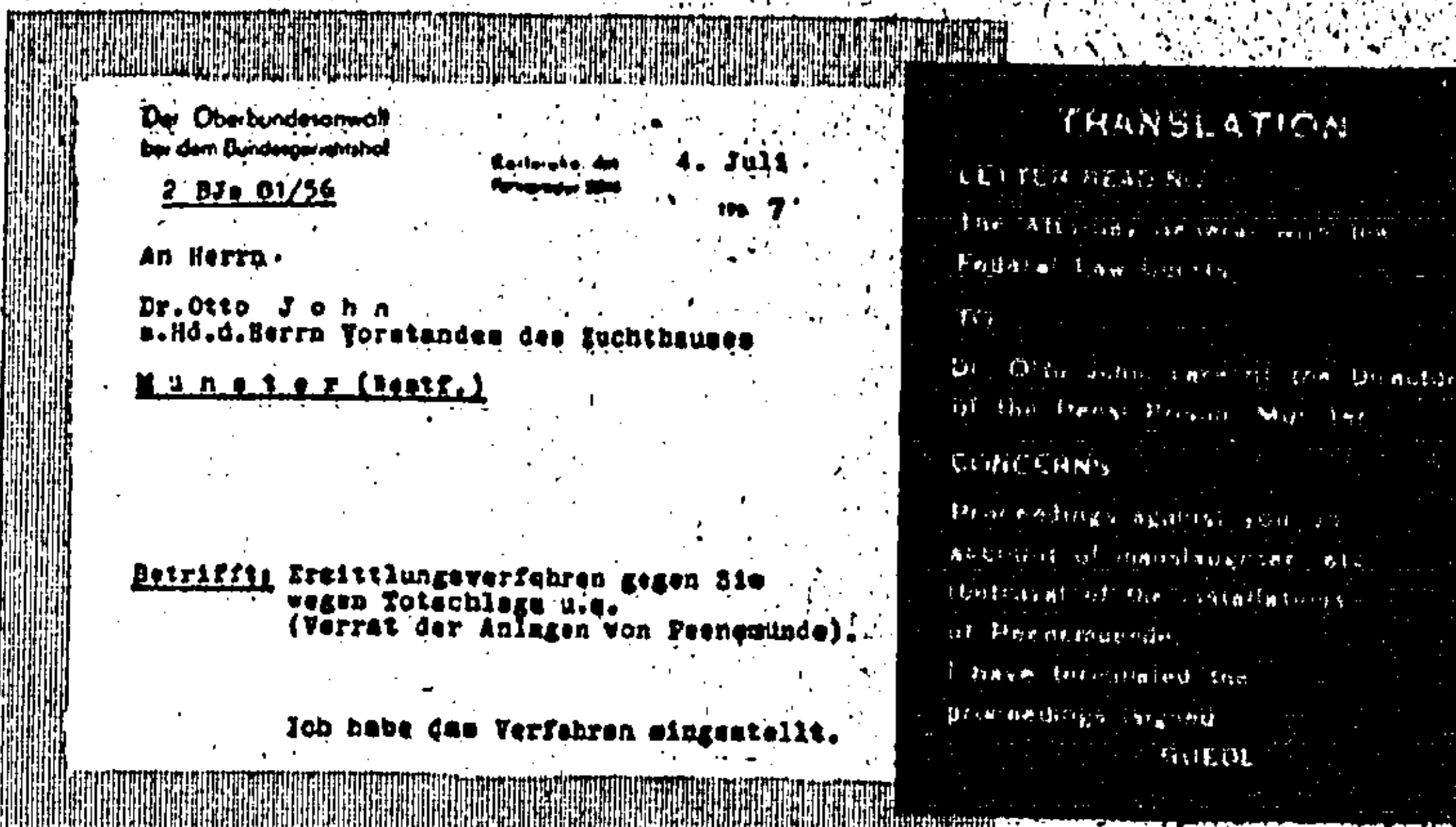
## His work

When the war came John started to go on frequent trips to Lisbon and Madrid. Officially he was going to carry out his duties as legal adviser to the Luftwaffe command.

In fact, it was his job to get in touch with the British and the Americans on behalf of the German anti-Hitler underground.

"My work with the British Secret Service started as early as March, 28, 1942," John says. When the generals' coup failed on July 20, 1944, John flew back to Lisbon from Berlin and the British brought him to England. That, incidentally, was when I first met him.

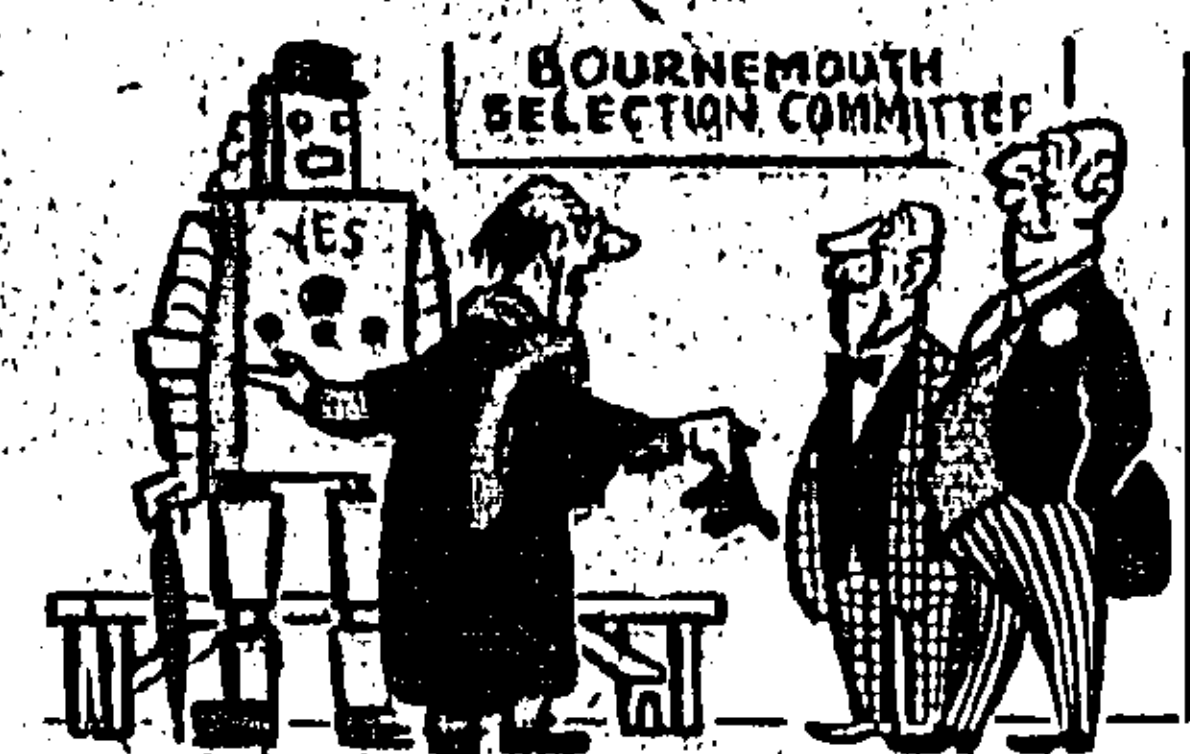
But it is not merely his wartime "treason" against Hitler's Germany that makes John candid about the high-ups of the Guede type. His activities in Germany after the war made them hate him even more.



## WEEKEND FRIEL



"Yes, Selwyn, I think the talks have been most enlightening."



"You've just got rid of Nicolson and you have Randolph Churchill coming up. This is the only solution to your problem, gentlemen."



(London Express Service)

## ROBERT MORLEY

Presenting the Morley System for an expanding economy... narrow-minded bank managers should stick to the City Page

# It's mugs like me who keep the country going

"NEVER laugh at money—it's too important" is surely not one of the better remarks attributed me. In any case I don't know what it means.

Like the character in Oscar Wilde's play, I can only understand what I am saying when I listen to myself very attentively.



Song of the squandering—Money is meant to be spent quickly

Since the remark is on record I should like to make it perfectly clear that it is nonsense—even if I said it.

## My battlefield

Some children are brought up with a working knowledge of the Wars of the Roses. I, on the other hand, was reared on the battlefield of Capital Expenditure and Revolutionary Interest.

My father was the elder of two brothers who differed profoundly over the correct attitude towards money. He did not believe that capital was sacred, and liked to get hold of as much of it as possible and scatter it around—preferably on the revolution.

This used to worry his younger brother, who besides being my father's trustee, was also on the Stock Exchange. They were seldom even on shouting terms, and both finally convinced themselves that the other was insane. In both their lives money played too important a part to make for much happiness. But it did provide them with an abiding interest.

I was fond of them both, and they were very good to me, but I could never understand why they didn't realise how much they had in common.

## Difference

The main difference between them was that my father subscribed to the Sporting Life; my uncle to the Financial Times. One concerned himself with Starting and the other with Closing Prices.

Always in the background of my father's thoughts—and occasionally brought sharply to the fore—was the problem of his Revolutionary Interest. Or it may have been my own Revolutionary Interest. I never quite understood which.

My grandfather had made an extremely complicated will which left money on trust for my father during his lifetime, but restrained him from dipping into the capital.

A great many of his waking hours and most of his dreaming ones were occupied in devising means of what was called "breaking the entail," a method which—if it could be done—would enable him to upset the trust and incidentally his

## Generous

He never suffered the boredom of retirement. Absorbed, even on his death-bed, with the problem of what would win the 2.30 at Epsom on the 9.15 at the White City, he was never lonely if he could ring up a stockbroker, a banker, a politician, a peer, and, seldom depressed when things were going badly, "It was the next bet, which counted for him, and the next bet is better."

Someone had once told father that no method had ever been devised of tying up capital through which it was not possible for a clever lawyer to drive a coach and horses. Possibly because when he was younger he had driven coaches himself, my father was devoted to this aphorism, quoted it constantly and, despite innumerable disappointments, continued to believe it.

All his life he was looking for a clever lawyer.

My father's other abiding passion was gambling. Brave, resourceful, and energetic, he must have been a great success in any profession, had he not been a wealthy man. As it was he died a fully-equipped one.

## Life

Life was always generous with his winnings, and I remember how my sister and I used to pretend to play tennis every afternoon during our summer holidays on the Casino courts at Deauville, waiting for the moment when he would appear to interrupt our game, and hand us each a thousand-franc note from his winnings.

We always hurried away to the shops as soon as he had returned to his laboratory. Father had a habit of reappearing suddenly to borrow back the money.

(Indirectly, therefore, he taught me that on the whole money is meant to be spent quickly, and I have always tried to buy today what I may conceivably need tomorrow.

## No shame

In this I am aware I am opposed by a significant body of opinion. The Government and the building societies think differently from me, and spend a good deal of the money they have already acquired from the public advertising their view that the only money is that in their keeping—preferably on deposit. Fortunately, for my own sake, I have not been a great success in

citizens agree with them and get immense satisfaction from merely saving the stuff.

However, I feel that it is time that someone gave a word of advice to those of us who continue to throw money about.

The Spendthrifts, the Mugs, the Suckers, the Great Overdrawn who surrender their prodigious deposit on their life insurance, keep out on their sure-purchase agreement, and who fritter their money away in restaurants and bars and casinos—who buy what they don't want at prices they can't afford, who even still give it to their girl friends. They are the people who, in the final analysis, keep the economy expanding and build a new bank at every street corner.

## Loyal...

I loved my father very much, even if I never understood him. And that is also, roughly my attitude towards money. I believe a man's money is good with more than generosity, and that one who lives within his means is a good man. I don't think one should envy a man who has a lot of money, and may not have any sense.

## FLU VICTIM... BY JAK



"That was the Editor on the telephone dear, said he didn't think your cartoon today was very funny."

(London Express Service)



# PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

## The Probing Provocative PATRICIA LEWIS

### The Calorie-Conscious Class



IT is a sorrowing day when the long, thin shadows of dieting loom 10 feet taller than the gentle, rounded ones of a shining, candle-lit table... a soft-illuminated room... an exquisitely balanced meal... a rare, memorable wine... and a company evenly matched between wit and charm and beauty.

But graduates in the most experienced art of all—good living—are becoming rare.

"This 'slimming' craze is affecting the gourmet," I was told by Mr. Erwin Schreyer, the man who runs London's internationally-known temple of the table in Curzon Street.

#### Simpler

As he alternately looked at his watch (gold, wrist-chain variety) and sipped his coffee (black, sugar - substituted variety) he outlined to Robb and myself the changing geography of gourmandising.

"People are eating much less rich food—smaller, simpler meals," he said to his clients, the Marquis of Milford Haven for the aristocracy, Mr. Edward Byrne for the Queen's own traders, Miss Jean Dawkins for the progressive-type models, and Mr. Jimmy Garsen for the reactionary-type film producers—went by to their respective conferences.

#### Aperitif

"They are thinking," continued Mr. Schreyer, "that maybe it's right what they have read—that you dig your own grave with your teeth. So they don't like the rich sauces any more. They don't like potatoes. The silly thing is that where the French woman will eat a large, lavish meal, with sauce and potatoes, she has had only one aperitif beforehand. It's the half-dozen cocktails that count. I have a cellar here that is worth £78,000 at purchase price, and I have found that the English middle class has exquisite taste in food and wines, often superior to the French."

"But," and he shook his head, "they do love to sit at the bar with their drinks before a meal."

#### Younger

Mr. Schreyer, a large, lively, little man from Poland, looks 55. At least a generation younger and, having seen him break an egg into a steak tartare like Apollon might into a palette, I was more hungry for his witty counsel of culinary learning.

So there Robb and I hung while he conversed.

## Robb (THE EXPRESS FASHION ARTIST) presents

### the kind of 'cast' you meet at the temple of the table...

"Lord Hardwick—such a good eater! He knows just what he wants. If it turns out well then he praises. If not, he criticises. And this is valuable..." Lee Green—the scores, claret and studies it so expertly that sometimes he will build every course around the wine... Lord May... Mr and Mrs John

Profumo... the list unrolled like uncut spaghetti. It was all too much. We had to eat. Adjourning to the inner sanctum we noticed an alcove occupied by the gayest party in the place—the David Niven, Lauren Bacall, Richard Greene, Patricia Medina (the ex-Mrs Greene) Robert Coote from

"My Fair Lady," and theatre-man Robin Fox. In contrast to the other more intense diners—intense both with their plates and their plattitudes—they stood out like Broadway on a black night. The chorus of such a seven, who are nearly all used to "throwing" their voices a long

Left to right:

PATRICIA MEDINA  
DAVID NIVEN  
ROBERT COOTE  
LAUREN BACALL  
ROBIN FOX  
RICHARD GREENE  
MRS. DAVID NIVEN

distance (to the theatre gallery, for instance), successfully anaesthetised our own small efforts at table-talk.

Instead, we were moved to admiration at the suave manner in which Mr Niven sent back the wine. "...the Beaujolais is, perhaps, not quite soft enough... Ah, yes! I may be old-fashioned, but I can't wait to have some more of this wine..."

—(London Express Service).

## YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, MARCH 7

BORN today, you have science and music, or some related areas, as your best fields of expression. The stars have given you definite creative talent as well as the patience to follow through with your experimentation until you achieve the desired results. You are not solely the theorist, either, but are able to develop ideas on the practical level. You might easily become quite wealthy during your lifetime. Since your own needs are few, you will likely devote much of your fortune toward assisting others less fortunate than you yourself.

Although you are mentally alert and have a great deal of nervous energy, you dislike physical labour and, on this score, might be considered lazy. Actually, this may be a matter of health, for if you are not well, you cannot be bounding with physical energy. Learn to discipline yourself in the matter of rich foods, of which you are very fond. Once you have mastered this habit, both your physical and mental energies can be put to work. If you don't, you could miss out on something important and your chances for advancement could be retarded. In marriage, select someone who has faith in your ideas, and can always encourage you to do your best work. In other words, although your ambitions are high, you often get discouraged if results do not come along as fast as you feel they should. It is then that your native patience must come to your rescue.

Among those born on this date are: Luther Burbank, horticulturist; Antoine Cesar Becquerel, French physicist; Richard M. Uppjohn, architect; Anthony Comstock, reformer; Ben Ames Williams, author.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, MARCH 8

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Make this a personal day. Listening to a good sermon might give you real inspiration.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Don't be persuaded to do anything against your better judgment today. Follow your instincts.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Spend the day with pleasant, companionable people and enjoy yourself socially.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Take a cheerful attitude on everything today and you will achieve results.

CANCER (June 22-July 22)—Things look better this morning than they really are, so be cautious in major decisions. Take it easy today. Don't let the tempter of your gut out of hand on food and drink.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Get some extra rest today. You may have had a rather hectic time this last week.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Things may look okay on the surface, but there is a tricky undercurrent you may need to watch.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Morning is your best time. Make the most of it. Be careful when afternoon comes.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 24-Dec. 23)—The new moon brings a change in activity for you. Make careful plans for the week ahead.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 24-Jan. 23)—Don't let anything having to do with business on the work-day worry you. Rest and relax.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 24-Feb. 23)—Don't get on anything today unless you are convinced that it is really on a sound basis.

SUNDAY, MARCH 8

BORN today, you are a person of strong convictions. Whether they are right or wrong has little meaning. If you believe in them, they're right for you. Since you are frank and outspoken, you tend to lose friends almost as fast as you make them. For you say what you think, regardless of the other person's reaction.

Since you have a variety of interests, you may find it difficult to settle on one career. If you can make up your mind to specialise in one thing and make hobbies of other interests, then you can become successful early in life. But if you continue to scatter your energies, you may never emerge from the pleasant mediocrity which can always be yours without ever exerting yourself too much. To fulfill any real ambition, you must work hard at it!

Since you are attractive to members of the opposite sex, you undoubtedly will have many opportunities to wed. However, trust your intuitions in this regard and select the one you know is the right one, even if you turn several admirers away first. Your love is deep and true, and your marriage should be an especially happy and contented one.

Among those born on this date are: Oliver Wendell Holmes, II, noted jurist; Sven Nilsson, naturalist; Stuart Chase, economist and author; Simon Cameron, Pennsylvania politician; E. P. Roe, churchman and author.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, MARCH 9

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—The new moon brings three days of particularly good fortune, so make the most of it.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Take effective action now on some highly important project and gain an advantage.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—You should reach a long-hoped-for ambition during the next month. Forge ahead.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Take full advantage of a good period for all your activities. Plan ahead, then act.

CANCER (June 22-July 22)—Aim high now and achieve your goal. Be more preoccupation as you reach it.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Keep your eyes open for a really new and exciting opportunity, then grasp it at once.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Today, through Thursday, are high-activity days for you, so get a lot done.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—If you have been hunting a new and better job, you should find it during the next month.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—You have the green lights on all preferred activity. Do what you want and have fun, too.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 24-Dec. 23)—Don't let a friendly argument grow into a serious dispute and ruin your prospects.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 24-Jan. 23)—Looks as if you would have a wonderful springtime! Get practically everything you want.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 24-Feb. 23)—Get your schedule of production set and then swing into full production without delay.

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### delicious wholesome

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Cooked in butter and served piping hot on toast. They are a compliment to any meal. Particularly enjoyable at breakfast. Ideal for snacks... So easy to prepare...



TRY ALSO THESE POPULAR CANNED FOODS BY EDGELLS

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ASPARAGUS SPEARS  
MUSHROOM SOUP

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## INSIDE SHOW-BUSINESS

EDITED BY JOHN LAMBERT AND PETER EVANS

## 'No Love for Johnnie' to be filmed

WRITER-PRODUCER Carl Foreman expects to win the race to film Wilfred Fienburgh's "No Love for Johnnie," the controversial novel of love, power, and politics... Foreman, the man who made "The Key," told us that he wanted John Mills to star in the title role. It is considered a fine acting chance, a study of a man who ignores his hunger for

## Rattigan will wait for Guinness...

TERENCE RATTIGAN has written a new play for Alec Guinness, and we can reveal that Rattigan, Britain's top playwright, is playing an unusual waiting game with Guinness, Britain's top star.

He is prepared to hold up production of the play for a year, if necessary, in order to get Guinness for the part when he has finished his current film commitments.

Terence Rattigan told us: "The point is that I wrote the play with Alec specifically in mind."

## 'FLATTERED'

"My attitude, which might sound heresy to theatre managers but would probably be supported by other writers, is that I would rather wait for Alec, even if he did the play for only one performance."

Alec Guinness told us: "It is a very difficult decision to make. I think Terry has written a wonderful play, and I am flattered by his attitude. But I

shall not be in a position to make up my mind for a few weeks yet."

Mr Rattigan is being unusually cagey about the plot of his play.

When asked, he retorted wryly: "It's all about sex in Salford. Miss Shelagh Delaney, the dear girl, has said she wrote 'A Taste of Honey' after deciding that she must be able to write a better play than my last effort."

"Well, I think I can write a better play about sex in Salford than Miss Delaney, the dear girl."

Sly digs aside, Mr Rattigan's play has nothing to do with Salford. It is about Lawrence of Arabia when he was an airman. It is called "Shaw."

## Burl Ives to film in Britain

BURL IVES, the folk singer who has triumphed as an actor, is to come to Britain this month to star with Alec Guinness, Noel Coward, and Ralph Richardson in "Our Man in Havana."

## SINATRA

IN HIS LATEST

## IN SEARCH OF UNSELFISH LOVE

FRANK SINATRA'S newest role is that of a man in search of an unselfish love. It is called: "Some Came Running."

Playing a pugnacious, cynical author Sinatra finds his search climaxing with violence. In the picture above it may seem that he is just sitting back watching Shirley MacLaine. In the scene he was thrown there during a gunfight.

The film, for Miss MacLaine, is a case of "Clan" girl makes good. This perky, pug-nosed redhead is a member of the Sinatra group of friends known to Hollywood as "The Clan."

Sinatra scorned better-known actresses for her role as a warm-hearted, man-weary torch singer. His judgment was right. Clan-girl Shirley has shot to top stardom in the part.

Such judgment is all part of the Sinatra day. He has made himself the 'biggest name in show-business by making his own rules. Like this:—

9 a.m. Sinatra shuts off his alarm clock at a time when most other stars have already been at the studios for two hours.

To sweeten his awakening a radio disc jockey is playing a selection from his latest record album.

To sharpen his senses he spends 10 minutes having an ice-cold shower.

Looking at his lean, shadowed face—he calls himself the "thin Italian singer"—he decides to leave shaving until he gets to the studios.

10 a.m. A knock on the bedroom door, and an elderly maid brings Sinatra his breakfast. Daily order: orange juice, toast, and coffee. Plus an inch-thick wad of messages on white paper. He answers the messages by telephone.

11 a.m. Sinatra steps into his sports car. The car is called "Carmen Gla."

11.30 a.m. Sinatra arrives at the studios, going immediately to his dressing-room. His personal dresser, Morris Brown, his personal make-up man, Ben Ponedel, and his personal secretary, Gloria Swan, are waiting for him.

12 noon. He starts work on a scene. Most film stars work from 8 a.m. till 6 p.m. But the routine is switched to noon till 8 p.m. for Sinatra films. He works better that way.

Between scenes Sinatra sits in his set-side dressing-room. He chats with director Vincente Minnelli, and co-stars Dean Jagger, Shirley MacLaine, and Martha Hyer.

But most of his spare time is spent on the telephone. He makes recording dates; sets up his next film for Robert Productions, which he owns; works out a singing stint at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas; checks on his varied business enterprises.

8 p.m. Sinatra finishes studio work, drives his car back to his hilltop home for a hot shower and a change of clothes. 9 p.m. Dinner. "I like it at the Villa Capri," he says with a grin. "I own a piece of the place." Four times a week dinner is Italian-style.

10.30 p.m. He drives to Dino's Lodge, which is owned by friend Dean Martin, and has a night-cap with the proprietor. The drink is vodka.

11.30 p.m. Sinatra is back home. He reads the film scenes that he will have to do next day.

Then he checks his telephone schedule and puts on his extra-large-striped pyjamas. Midnight. Sinatra is in his extra-large bed. But after a high-pressure day, sleep comes hard.

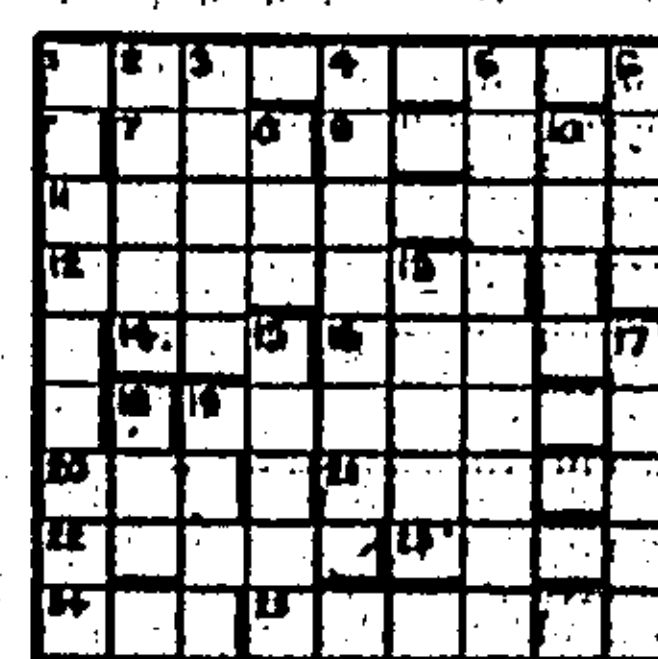
Insiders say John Mills is likely to have star competition in his family when "Tiger Bay" is shown.

Pinewood is more than pleased with the performance of his younger daughter Hayley Mills as a murderer's confidante. But Papa Mills is likely to turn down any offers of long-term contracts for Hayley.

Glenn Ford, America's top box-office star now on holiday in Britain, is expected to return in the year for work on "The Day They Robbed the Bank of England."

But he will not get some suitcases in Spain first in "It Started With a Kiss" with Debbie Reynolds and Eva Gabor. (London Express Service).

## CROSSWORD



Across  
1. Warnings held in the trial of (10, 4)  
7. Hurry (8)  
11. Compass point (4)  
12. Oriental (7)  
13. Exonerated (13)  
14. Over confident (6)  
15. Game for spinners (7)  
16. Fear with reverence (13)  
17. Circular (5)  
18. Supplied with supporters (13)  
19. Corridor (4)  
20. Concomitant teeth (10)

Down  
2. Drake tune (10, 4)  
3. King of old (5)  
4. Mourning (6)  
5. Frequency of meeting (4, 4)  
6. Old battle (4)  
8. Extension (4)  
9. Transient (6)  
10. Sea (4)  
11. King of old (5)  
12. A balance (6)  
13. Sin (4)  
14. A piece of (4)  
15. A piece of (4)  
16. A piece of (4)

## LIMELIGHT by THOMAS WISEMAN

For the first time Dawn Addams

tells with complete frankness about her marriage to Prince Vittorio Massimo

## I'VE HAD BEING A PRINCESS

THE story of Dawn Addams and her Prince is a fairy tale told by a cynic. And, of course, it does not have a happy ending.

The four-year-old marriage of Miss Addams and Prince Vittorio Massimo has ended in an atmosphere of acrimony and publicity.

The Prince is reported to have said he would tell their three-year-old son Stefano that his mother was dead. Miss Addams was reported in the Italian newspapers to be planning to kidnap her son.

## Frankness

I saw Miss Addams in London recently, and she talked for the first time with complete frankness about what has happened to her since she progressed from being a starlet to being a Princess.

"Vittorio," she said, "was in a way my Pygmalion. He introduced me to a completely new sort of life. He taught me a great deal."

"I was an actress who had lived a hotel life all around the world and I had not been particularly happy and I wanted a home life with roots and Vittorio had roots that were 2,000 years old."

## Squabbles

"Of course I was excited by his kind of life, by the fact that he was a Prince. He was a Prince, but he was a rebel: he didn't like formal Society too much, he liked to go around in jeans and go-night-climbing. But all the same he was a nobleman and it was exciting being his wife."

"But there were things I hadn't reckoned with and that I couldn't take—the Latin attitude to women, which is basically a feudal attitude. I think Italian women feel sympathy towards me because they have to put up with this sort of thing themselves from their husbands."

"There were rifts between us which Vittorio wouldn't recognise. He was prepared for the marriage to go on as long as we presented a facade of

being happy. That may have been all right for him. But I'm 20 years younger than he is and I wasn't prepared to go on with an unhappy marriage for the sake of public opinion."

"We had many squabbles and many scenes and I was forced to hold back, to pretend to give in. I took it out on people I worked with, and I got something of a reputation for being difficult in the studios."

"Perhaps at the root of our difficulties was that though Vittorio had a hundred occupations, he had no job. When I was filming in the studios from seven in the morning until seven at night, what was there for him to do? He would go to the museums and around the art galleries and meet his lawyers. But Rome is a real Lotus-land for people without anything to do."

"Vittorio is a very complicated sort of man, an extremely generous man. He would give people money, hundreds of thousands of lire, and this gave him satisfaction. Giving. When he could give me something it was all right; but my independence rankled with him—and I suppose making a success of my career eventually deprived him of the chance to give me anything more. It didn't matter to me, but it mattered to him."

"I think he is still in love with me and that he would be glad for me to go back to him. His attitude is that indiscretions can be overlooked as long as the facade is maintained. But I couldn't stand that. I'm sure I'm partly to blame for what has happened, but I know now that we are not right together and it would be hypocritical to go on."

Unrooted from her Roman palazzo, Miss Addams has to be



prepared to revert to the life of a career in furnished flats. She faces this prospect without dismay. At present her temporary home is in Paris because "my presence in Rome is a provocation" to Vittorio. And she is working hard. Last year, she made five films, and she is being considered for one of the star roles in Carol Reed's production of Our Man in Havana.

If, as she hopes, her marriage is annulled, she will officially cease to be a Princess and be plain Miss Dawn Addams again. "I can't be sorry about that," she assured me. "I've had being a Princess."

(London Express Service).

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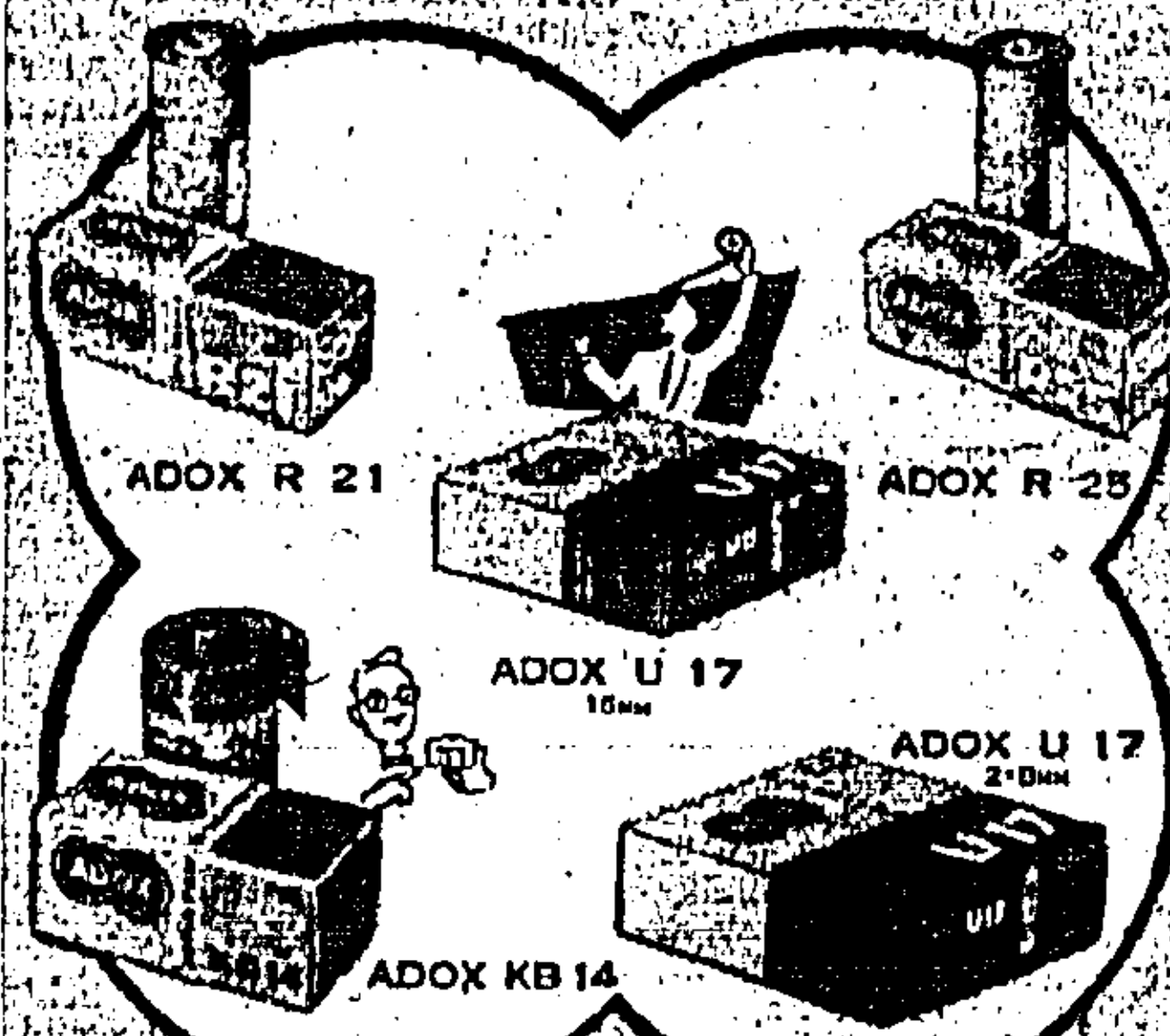
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## ROBERT PITMAN'S book page

The M.P.'s wife uncovers a mysterious skeleton in the cupboard of the pious princess who died a recluse.

## Was the tailor's adopted son of Royal birth?

IN Weymouth the gruff King strutted along the harbour sniffing at the ozone. And in the men-of-war beneath him straw-hatted sailors nudged each other and whispered.

But they were not discussing the King. Their roguish eyes were on the sweet-faced royal girl who followed him.

For days the young Princess had been too ill to move from her room. Now she was suddenly better. Leeringly the sailors asked: "Whatever's been wrong with her?"

What had been wrong with the Princess? One hundred and fifty-eight years after her strange illness a delightful new book takes up the point.

Its title: **LOVE AND THE PRINCESS** (Faber, 25s.). Its author—Lucille Iremonger, wife of Mr. Tony Iremonger, M.P. (a cousin of Sir Anthony Eden). The Princess in question—Princess Sophia, daughter of George III and aunt of Queen Victoria.

How much do you know of Princess Sophia? If you have relied on the history books, not very much at all. When she died at Kensington Palace in 1846, elderly, pious Sophia had been a recluse for many years.

But even in 1848 there were rumours about her youth. There were whispers about a secret birth. It was even rumoured that she had a portly, illegitimate son who sometimes visited her at Kensington.

Lucille Iremonger has now investigated these rumours. She has assembled the evidence on which they are based. She has uncovered a story which makes the fiction of the history romance writers seem pale indeed.

### WASN'T TOLD

Let us return to the summer of 1800 when that story begins. George III and his family had left Windsor for their usual seaside holiday at Weymouth. But one of the royal daughters was not enjoying herself at all.

Delicate pretty Sophia, the King's third daughter, was ill with dropsy. At Weymouth she had to be carried from the coach to her room at the royal holiday house. While the King went walking, Sophia, then aged 23, stayed in her room for days on end.

## Here's Proof: Nelson Was A Good Husband

by OLIVER WARNER

**NELSON'S LETTERS TO HIS WIFE AND OTHER DOCUMENTS 1785-1831.** Edited by George P. B. Nash. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 42s.

**HORATIO NELSON** the endearing husband! It is not a role with which the general public is familiar.

Yet it is plain fact that from the year 1787 when, as a young frigate captain, he was married in the West Indies in the presence of the future King William IV, and for many years to come Nelson was an attentive and delightful husband.

The proof lies in the extensive series of letters which have now been edited by George Nash, of the National Maritime Museum. They appear in honour of the bicentenary of the hero's birth, which took place at Burnham Thorpe on September 29, 1758.

It had been thought hitherto (chiefly for want of fuller evidence) that Nelson's marriage was unsatisfactory from the start. That was not so.

### NOT CONTENT

It is clear enough now that if Emma Hamilton had been content with admiration when Nelson lived at the British Embassy in Naples after his return from the Nile, all might have been well. But Emma wanted complete possession, and Nelson succumbed.

Poor Fanny, righteous, well-bred, simple and straightforward, was left with her memories, with the graceless son by her first marriage, and with a bundle of letters which have never before been printed in their entirety. It is touching to learn that her wedding ring is bound into the

cover of the first of the volumes containing the originals. And these letters to his wife are no exception.

"An active scene is my delight," "Glory is my object and that alone," "My poor hand cannot execute what my head tells me I ought to do." "Although I wish to get home, my fair character makes me stand forward to remain abroad."

Not only do the letters show how close were at one time the ties which bound Nelson to Fanny, they also show the man. In the course of his last years in Naples, Nelson persuaded himself that it was Emma Hamilton who was responsible for his fame and glory. These letters show that his stature as a man of action would have been the same if Emma had never lived.

His success was derived from his own extraordinary character, revealed from his youth onwards. "Nelson will be first," Emma affected only one side of a strange genius.

(London Express Service).



There were now two baby boys bawling...

staid British princess find herself in such a predicament? To find an answer, author Iremonger takes us on a brilliant short tour of Sophia's family tree.

We look at her great-grandfather George II, who told his dying wife: "Your eyes are like those of a cow whose throat has just been cut."

We look at her grandfather, Frederick, Prince of Wales. He fell in love, but gave up the match on the cinders of his father, who said: "I did not think grafting my half-witted cousin upon a mad woman would improve the breed."

Finally, we look at her father, George III himself. In him all the mixed and violent qualities of his forbears burst out. When Sophia was 11 he had his first bout of serious madness.

### DELUSIONS

In order to explain Sophia's p-b-ness, Lucille Iremonger now describes that madness in unusual detail. She describes the King with his head blistered by the doctors' druggies out "poison of madness", and with his hands and feet strapped in a monstrous madhouse chair.

She gives the record of his delusions noted by his attendants in 1788. On September 13, He signed death warrants for six of his sons. On September 19, He drafted an Act of Parliament for the dissolution of all marriages.

On November 19, He gave a concert to an imaginary audience of ladies, many long dead. When he recovered it is little wonder that his family decided against doing anything that could send him mad again. His six daughters loved to marry, but marriage was unfortunately one of the taboos.

Earlier when the King's disreputable brothers made disreputable marriages he had forced Parliament to pass the Royal Marriages Act.

### SO IRONICAL

Now, cumbered both by the Act and by the threat of papa's madness, the married couple for the six girls. The eldest, Charlotte, having had to turn away suitors, the score was eventually allowed to marry at 30. The groom, a German princeling, was so fat that he had dining tables specially built to fit his paunch.

Pump, vivacious Elizabeth was allowed to marry at 50. Lovely Mary married at 40. The other pathetic girls, including Sophia, were never to marry at all.

Who, then, was the father of Sophia's child Tommy? Could it have been her own brother, the notorious Duke of Cumberland? Rumour suggests so. But rumour credits Cumberland with every possible sin. As Mrs Iremonger points out, even the most cynical gossips of the time only mentioned the whisper about him and Princess Sophia. They never said they believed it themselves.

Or could the father have been General Grath, who became Tommy's guardian? The little general was not good-looking. His face was blotched by a claret-coloured birthmark. But he had opportunely enough.

Yet two things stand against Grath as father. He remained on good terms with all the Royal Family—which would be unlikely if he had caused them so much trouble.

And his own descendants, relying on a family tradition handed down for over a century, claim that the man was not the general.

Who, then, was the mysterious lover? At their country house in Berkshire, the general's descendants told Mrs Iremonger that, although they knew the name, their respect for confidentiality would not allow them to make it public.

## TOP DISCS REVIEWED

### JAZZ... By NOEL GOODWIN

WHEN John Lewis and his celebrated Modern Jazz Quartet toured Britain at the end of 1957, some of the most haunting numbers they played were taken from a film score.

It was a score that pianist-composer Lewis had written himself earlier that year for a French movie produced by Raoul Levy and Roger Vadim called "Sait-on Jamais," "One Never Knows."

Soon to be seen in Britain, it is a film which, for the first time, uses a complete jazz score tightly bound up with the action and setting.

But it is striking and rewarding music to hear in its own right. The six principal numbers are now recorded by the quartet in the Basie style by a group who were all at one time or another star players in the Count's band. Splendid tenor sax by Quinichette and trumpet by Shad Collins make up a fine front-line pair, with three of Basie's original powerful rhythm section behind them.

PAUL QUINICHETTE: "For Basie" (Esquire 32-967; 12in. L.P.). Five solid swinging numbers in the Basie style by a group who were all at one time or another star players in the Count's band. Splendid tenor sax by Quinichette and trumpet by Shad Collins make up a fine front-line pair, with three of Basie's original powerful rhythm section behind them.

ERROL GARNER: "The Most Happy Piano" (Philips BBL 7282; 12in. L.P.). Latest and best of Garner's incomparable piano, a pole-winning disc in America and a certain hit among those who admire true jazz artistry and vivid swing. Eleven numbers, backed by bass and drums infused with a light-hearted sense of fun.

LAVERN BAKER: "Lavern Baker sings Beside Smith" (London LIZ-K. 15139; 12in. L.P.). A dozen many-mooded blues, some of them Basie Smith's originals from 40 years ago, usually sung by a sultry vocalist with a skin too much sophisticated, but vibrant feeling and the right spirit. Good instrumental backing led by Buck Clayton's fierce trumpet.

### POPS... By JOHN LAMBERT

JUDY GARLAND: "Judy in Love" (Capitol L.P.) Nelson Riddle packs a subtle punch in this new Garland album. Judy has a big, brassy voice, which has sounded sharp before with a blaring background. Riddle remedies that, and points up the best of Garland with gentle, bubbling handwork. Result puts Garland back at her peak and could give her a Sinatra-style series of successes.

"GIG!" Original cast recording (M.G.M. L.P.). Too imitative by far of the last Lerner and Loewe hit, "My Fair Lady," Louis Jourdan's big soliloquy rounds off a new facet of Roy's personality—with less of a sob in his voice he is a good jazz singer. JOHNNY MATHIS "Swing Softly" (Fontana L.P.). After a spell of being soulful and scowling in his album work Mathis gets back to the swing style that started his success.

JOHNNIE RAY "Till Morning" (Philips L.P.). Ray has needed a change for a long time now. He gets it in this relaxed and reflective album, aiming at the atmosphere of after-hours in a night club. The soft rhythm background shows off a new facet of Ray's personality—with less of a sob in his voice he is a good jazz singer.

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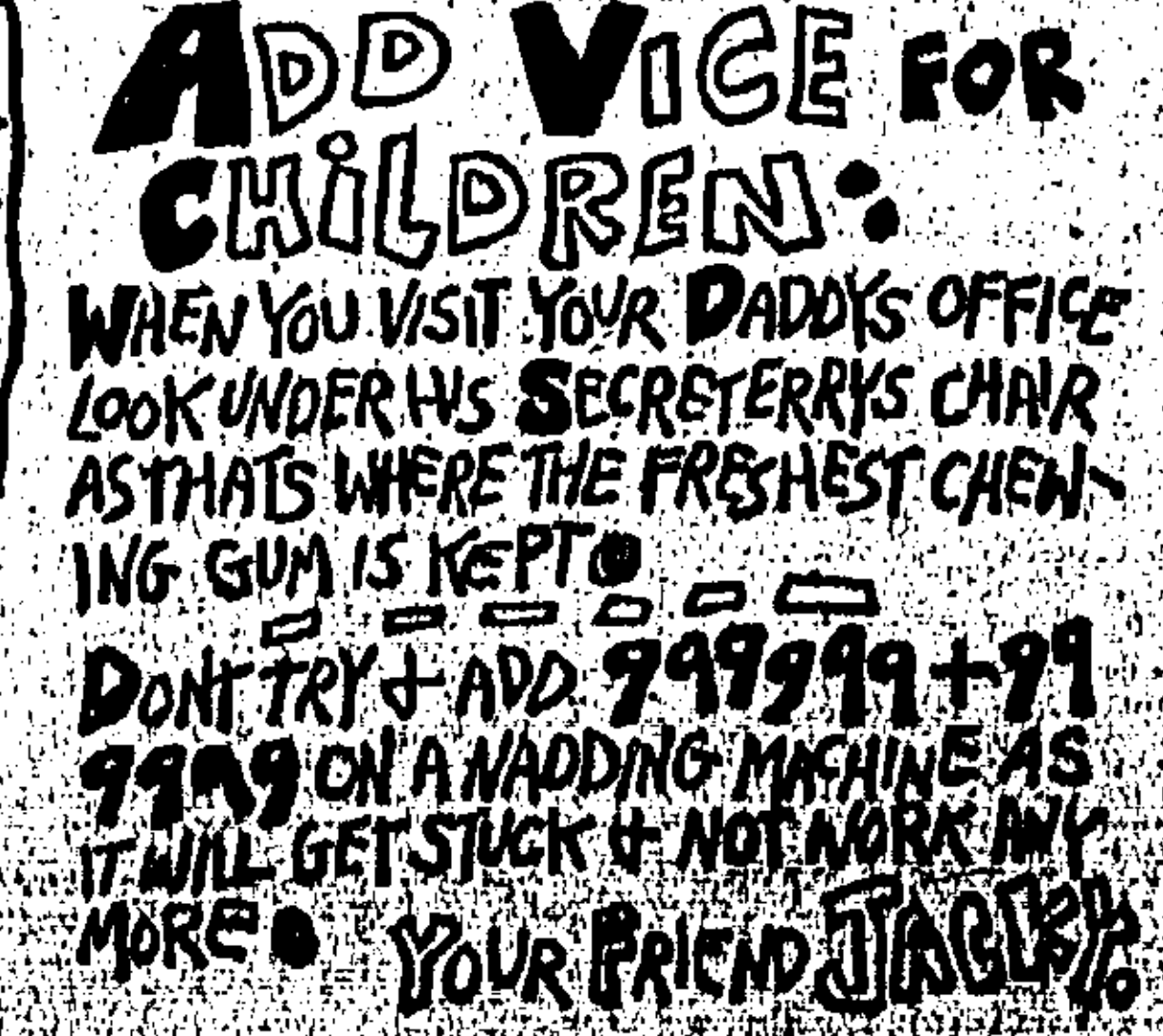
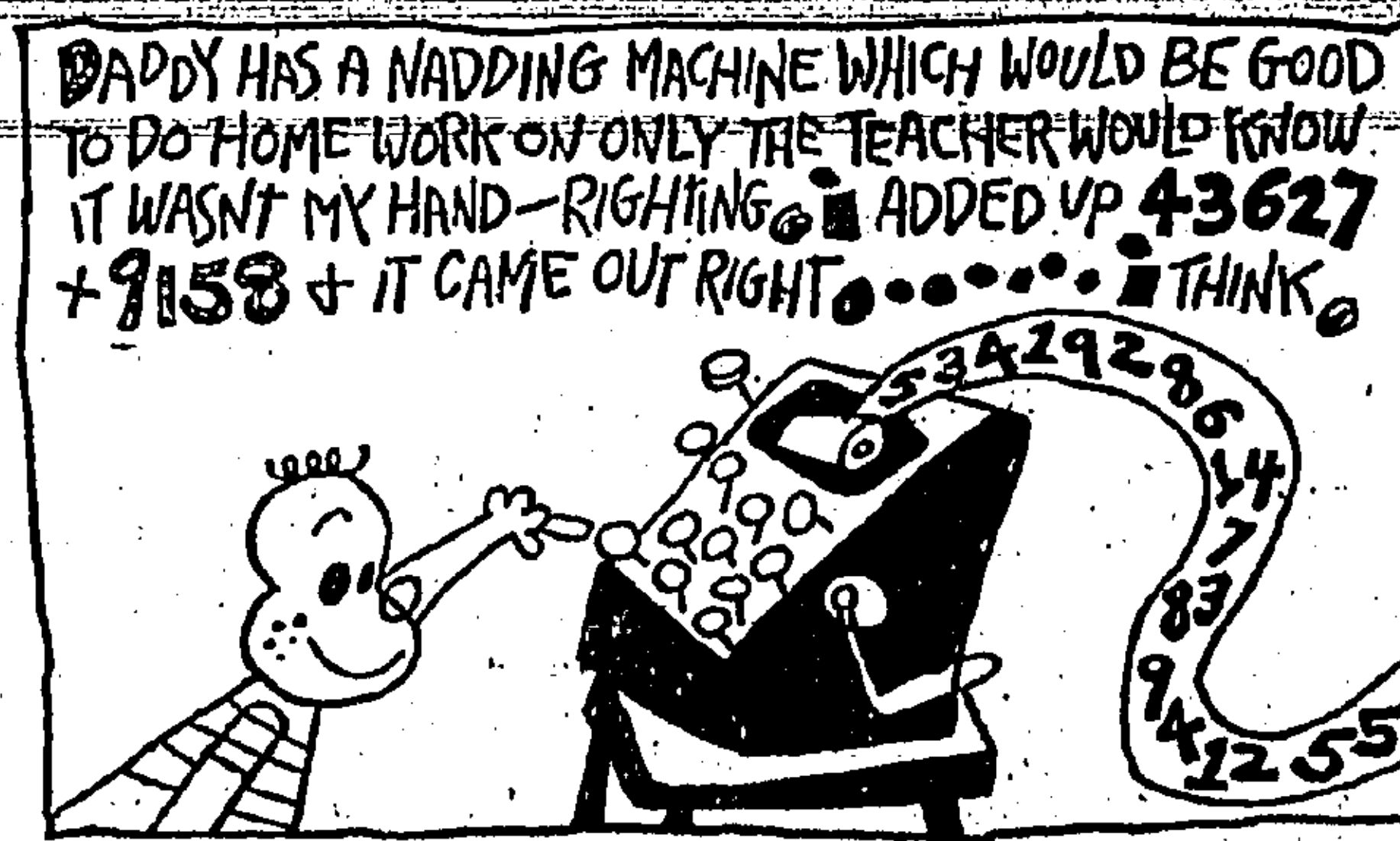
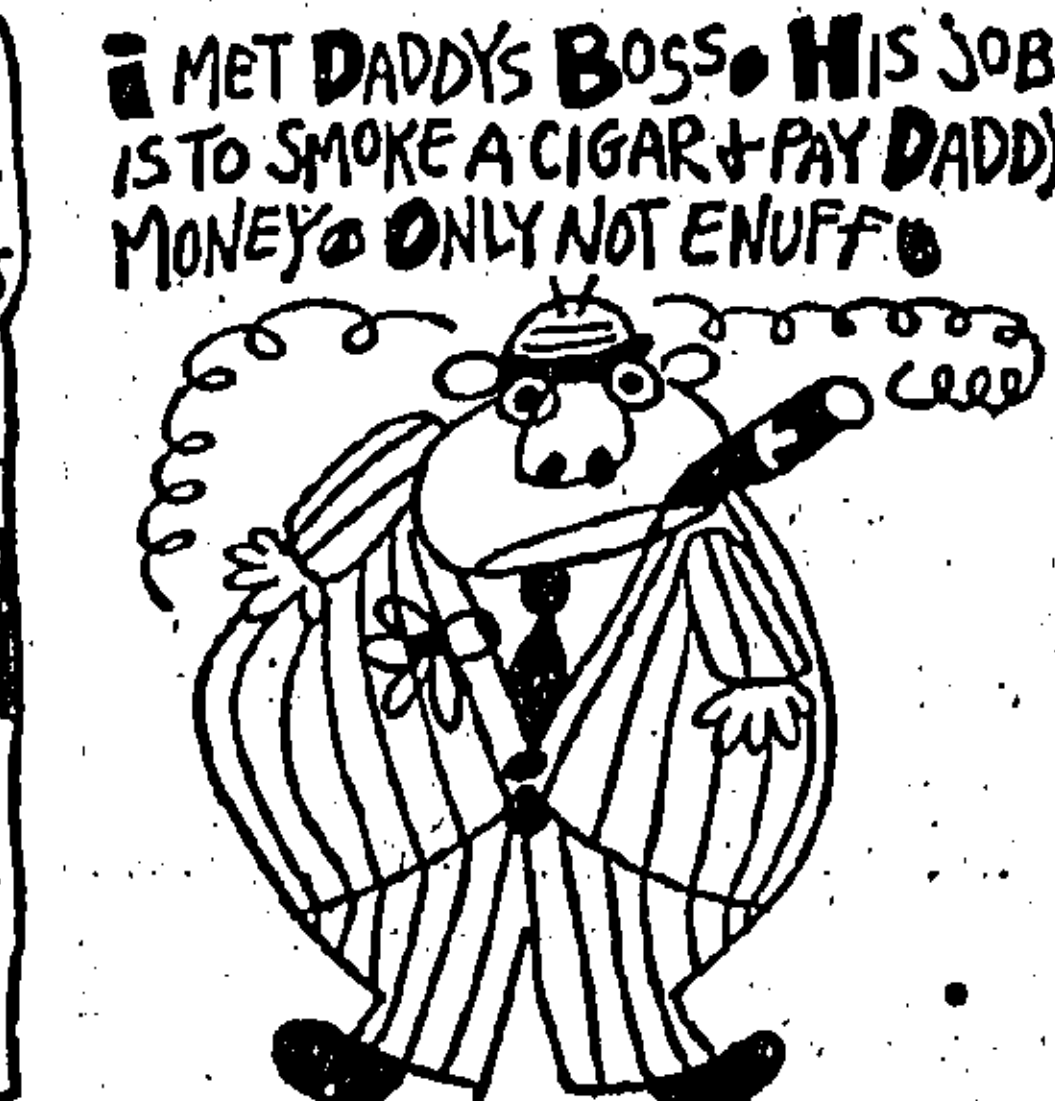
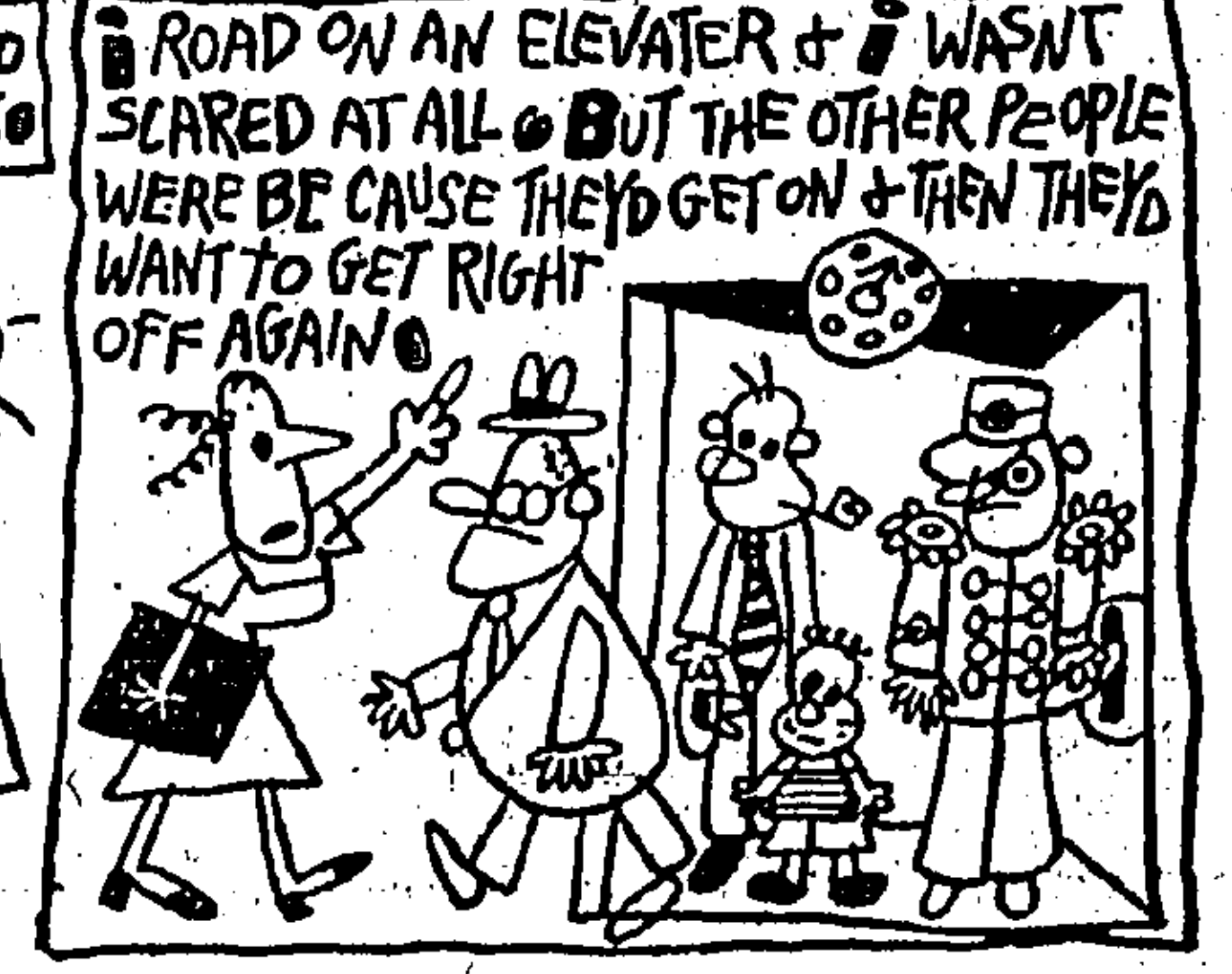
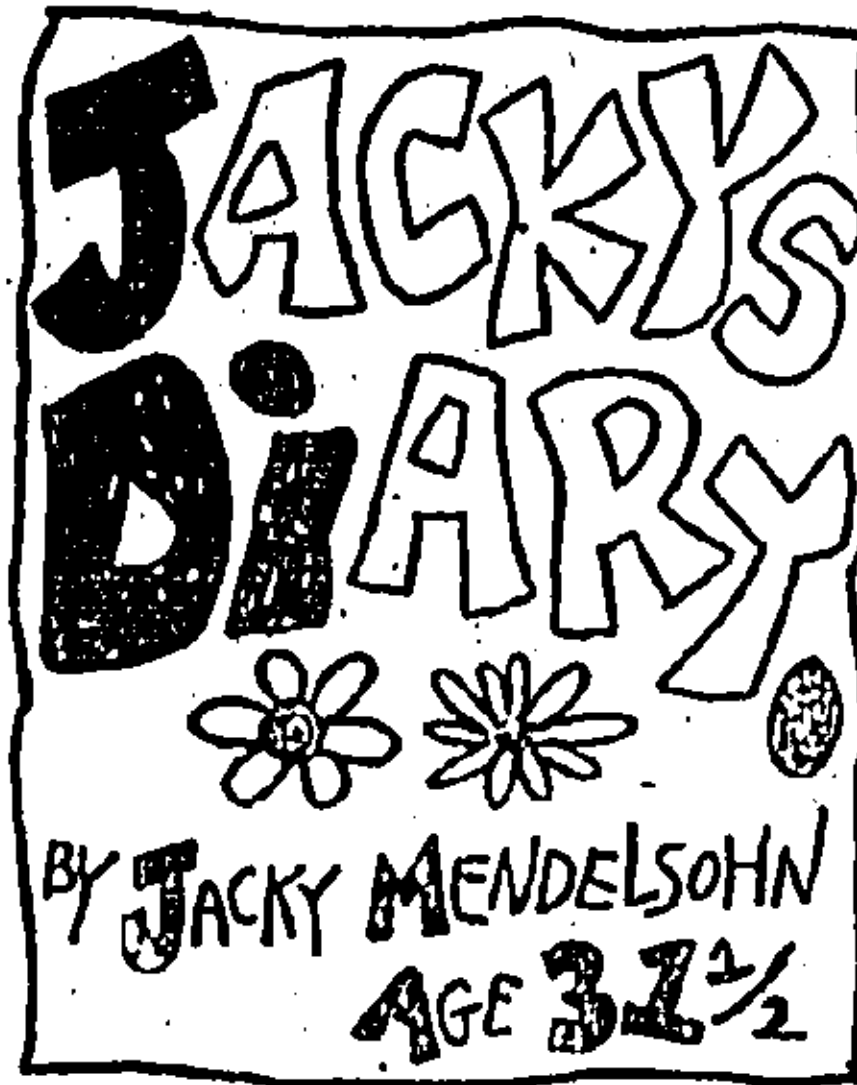
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### BOOKSHELF BRIEFS

OUT OF NOAH'S ARK. Herbert Wendt Wendenfeld and Nicolson. 36s. Whence the unicorn and whither flying fish—the freaks are the best part of this long, highly readable story of man's zoological discoveries.

A DOCTOR'S STORY. Viktor Henriksen. Michael Joseph. 18s. Dr Henriksen, in the Axel Munthe tradition, mixes an irresistible blend of medical case histories, autobiographical candour and spiritual overtones.

(London Express Service).









★ ★ ★

## FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

★ ★ ★

## WE LIVE IN A PINWHEEL

**I**MAGINE, if you can, a pinwheel trillions and trillions of times bigger than our sun. Inside this make-believe pinwheel sprinkle 100 billion stars. Then turn it loose and let it spin through space. This will give you a rough idea of the size and shape of the Milky Way system—the star group or home galaxy to which our solar system belongs.

The stars are clustered the thickest at the center of the pinwheel, and our sun is located 26,000 light years away from this center. Out here the stars begin to thin out.

Every star that you can see with the naked eye is a member of this huge family of stars. It is only with telescopes that we can see stars that do not belong to our home galaxy.

This galaxy of ours is so big that it isn't measured in miles, but by light years. A light year is the distance light travels

in one year—slightly less than six trillion miles. It takes light 100,000 years to cross the Milky Way system from one edge to the other. To get an idea of how great this distance is, remember it takes only eight seconds for the light from the sun to flash to Earth.

★ ★ ★

The stars in the Milky Way, though they may seem close together, are really great distances apart. For example, the nearest star to our sun is 4½ light years away, or about 26 trillion miles.

When we look skyward on clear nights, that part of the Milky Way we see appears to be a hazy, irregular band arching across the sky. This milky-looking belt is made up of billions of distant, faint stars.

Because we are inside the Milky Way system, we see it edge-wise and it looks like a narrow, hazy belt. But if we could view it from above or below, it would look more like a luminous pinwheel.

This "spiral galaxy," as it's called, spins around its center carrying our solar system with it. It takes our sun and its nine planets, travelling 140 miles a second, about 200 million years to make one complete turn around the center.

Not long ago most astronomers thought our galaxy was the entire universe, even though Galileo in the 17th cen-

tury discovered numerous hazy bodies which were quite different from the light single stars we see.

These fuzzy blobs of light had various shapes—some were round and others oval; some were shaped like peach seeds while others were spiral-shaped.

★ ★ ★

About 200 years ago a few men began guessing that these faint blurs of light might be other star systems, but it wasn't until the 1820's, when a giant 100-inch telescope began scanning the heavens that these blobs of light proved to be far-away galaxies, each containing billions of stars.

Astronomers tell us the number of these galaxies, glowing dimly behind the star-dotted curtain of the Milky Way, runs into the billions.

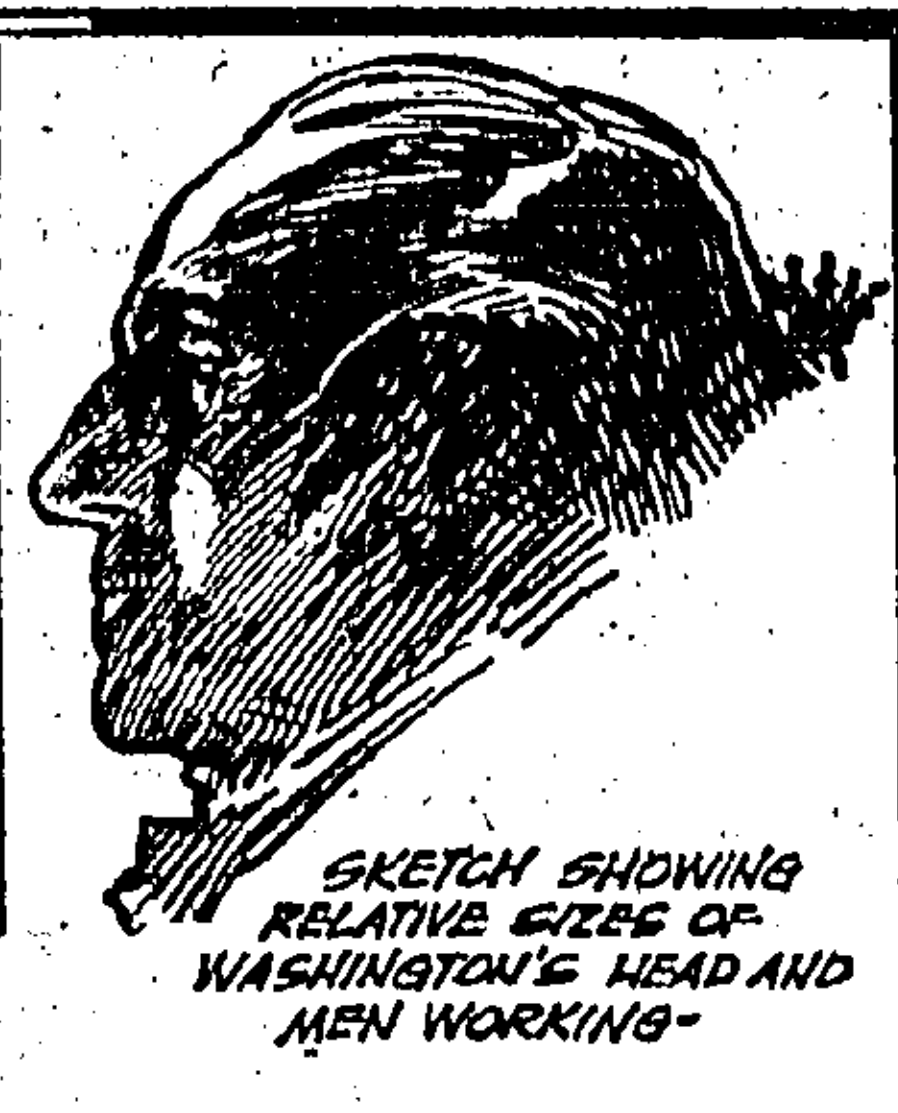
—William J. Weiser, Jr.

## Four Faces Look Ahead

## YOUR PUZZLE



THE FOUR FACES IN THE BLACK HILLS OF SOUTH DAKOTA



**T**HE BLACK HILLS are visited each year by many people. This is a land rich in gold, lead, tin, and other minerals. The name Black Hills is given chiefly to a group of mountains which lie in the southwest part of South Dakota. They cover about 9,000 square miles. Their average height above sea level is about 3,000 feet. Harvey Peak reaches 7,240 feet.

Most important of all these mountains is Mt. Rushmore. On this mountain are portraits of four presidents which have been carved out of a greyish-white granite far up on the side.

George Washington's profile stands out above all the others. The head is 60 feet high. The

distance from hairline to his chin is the length of a telephone pole in fact, if the complete figure had been carved it would be an immense 465-foot giant.

Next to Washington, is the profile of Jefferson carved to the same proportion as that of Washington. To get an idea of the magnitude of the carvings the eyelid of Jefferson is of such size a man could stand on it.

The figure on the far right is of Lincoln and that of Theodore Roosevelt is the one farthest back on the mountain.

The work on these figures was begun in 1924 by Gutzon Borglum. The head of Washington was unveiled on July 4, 1930. It required a staff of 30 qualified engineers and sculptors.

To start this great project models were made of each figure. Outlines were drawn on the rock in red so that the portraits would be correctly cut. The tops of the faces were chiselled out first and to do this

they had to blast away the surface rock.

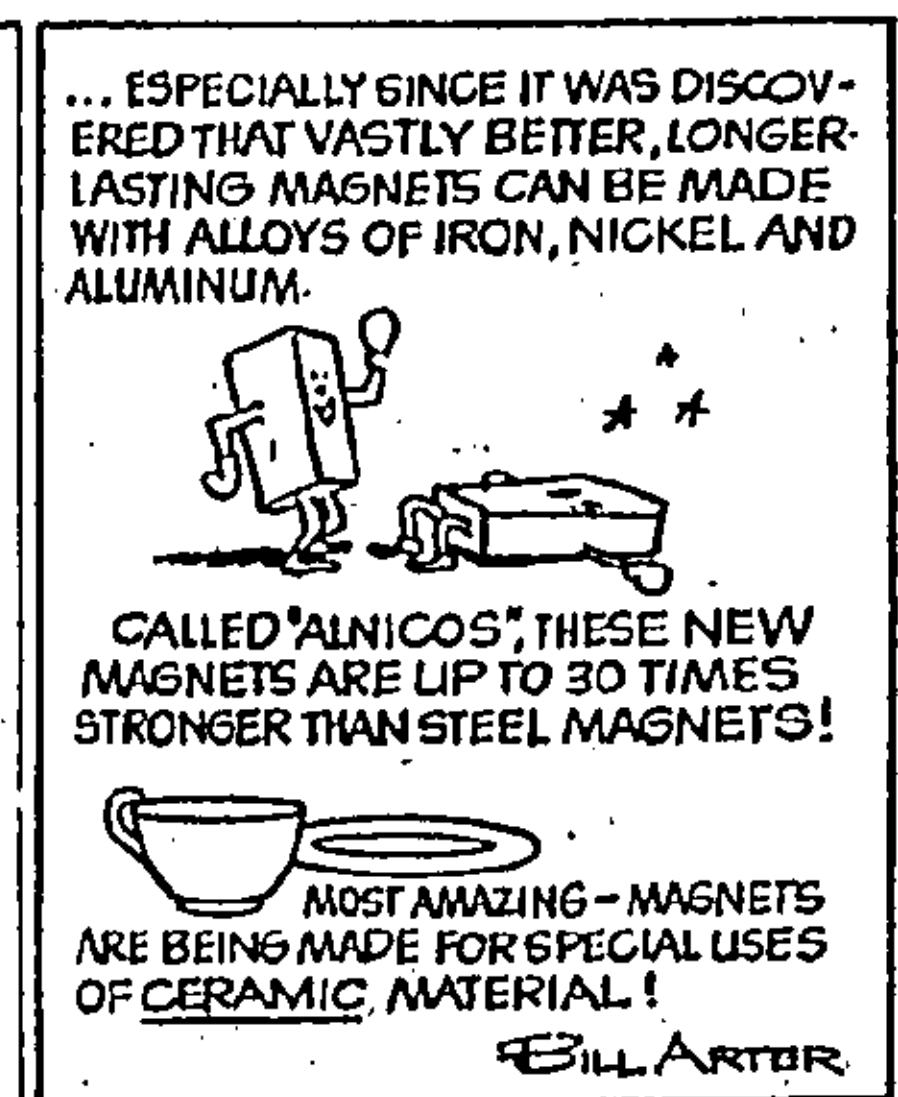
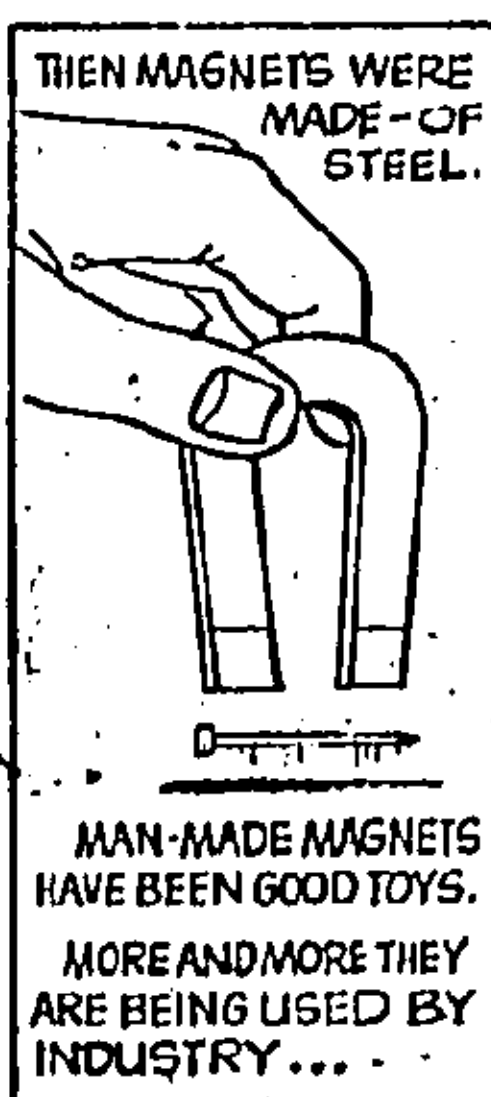
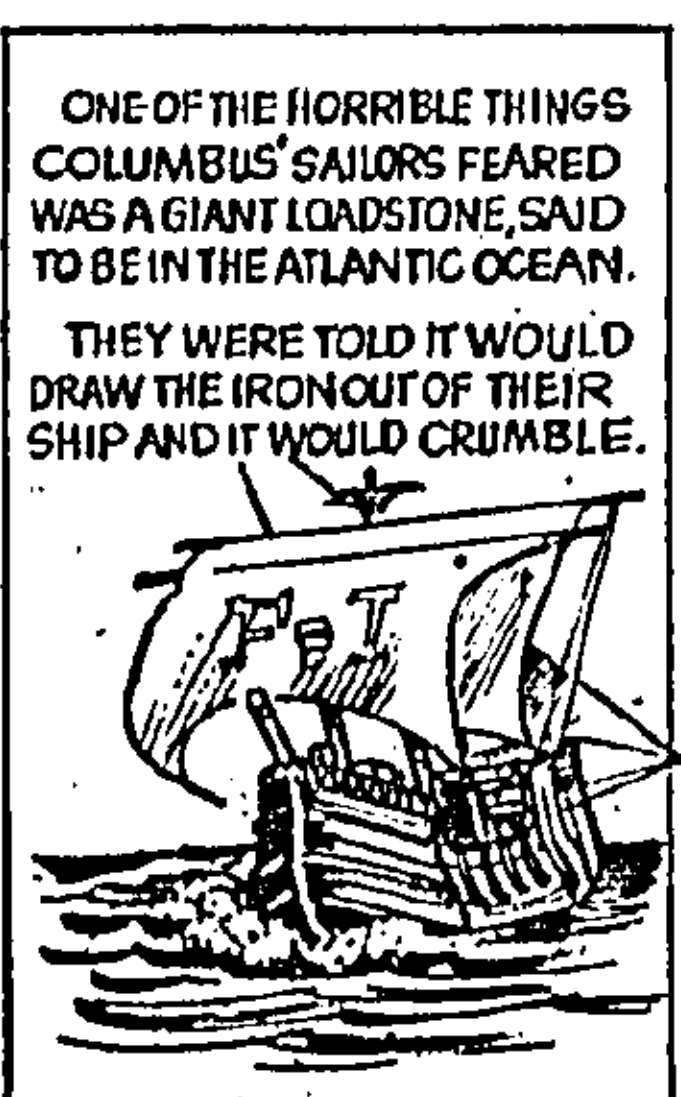
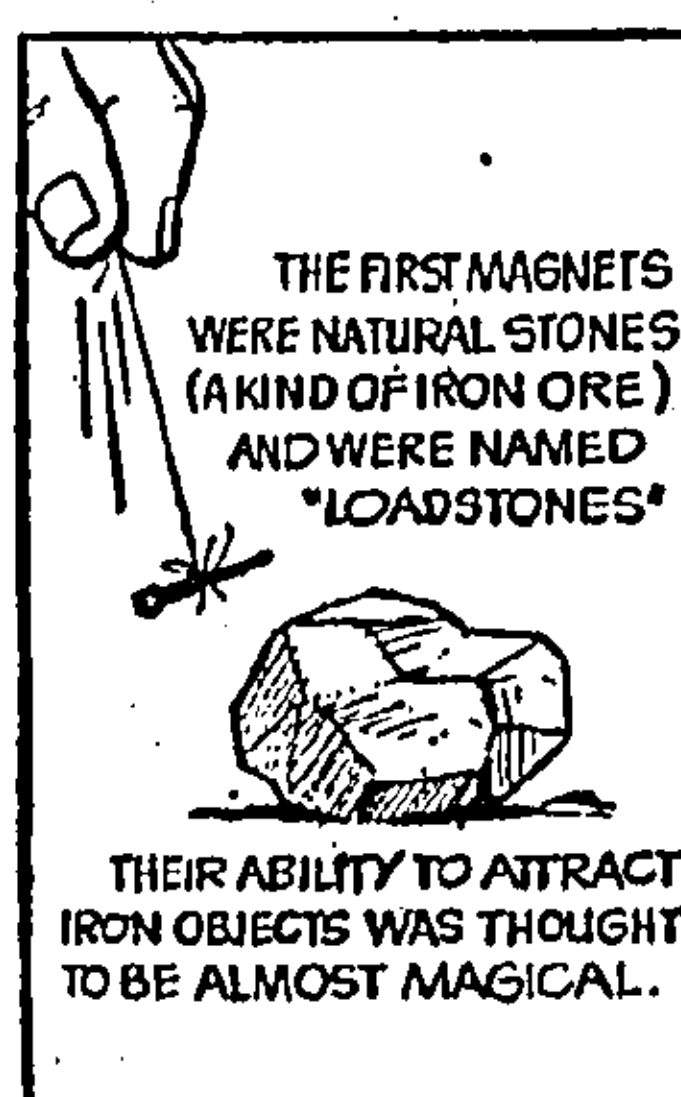
With large drills they cut out the features. Holes were bored into the rock, then the rock was broken out. To remove the rough surface air drills were used. The last of the work was polishing the stone.

This work was very wearing on the tools, and for that reason it was necessary to keep a blacksmith on hand to sharpen them often. Scaffolding was built for the workmen who were brought up and down by cables.

★ ★ ★

—MAUDE HALLMER

## Magnets Go Back In History

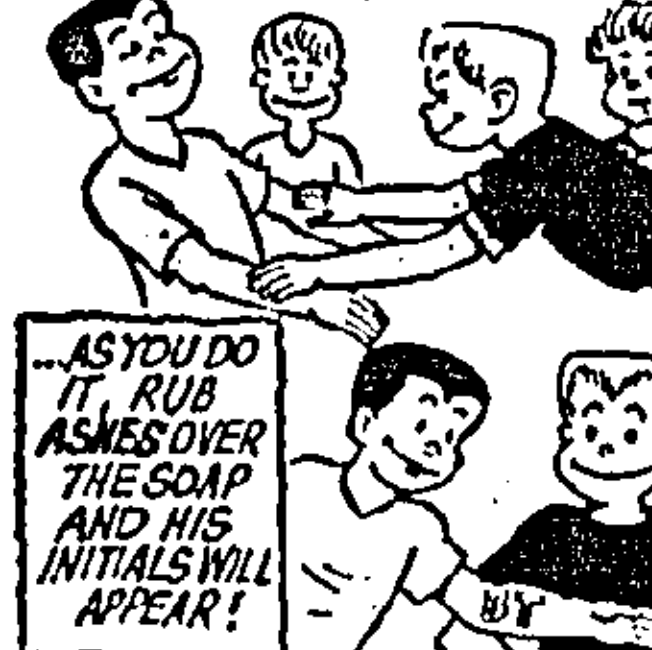


## HOW TO AMAZE YOUR PALS

**MAGIC INITIALS**

1. MARK YOUR PALS' INITIALS ON HIS ARM WITH A WET BAR OF SOAP!

2. THEN PRETEND TO HYPNOTIZE HIM BY STROKING HIS ARM.



## HAUNTED TABLE

1. SEAT A PAL ACROSS FROM YOU AT A CARD TABLE. HE ASKS YOU QUESTIONS THAT CAN BE ANSWERED BY 'YES' AND 'NO'. THE SPIRITS LIFT THE TABLE ONCE IF THE ANSWER IS YES AND TWICE IF THE ANSWER IS NO!



## How To Collect Animal Tracks

Four or five little ovals around an animal footprint in the sand or mud. Cover the footprint with oil, too. Make a little fence around the footprint with cardboard or wood.

Four slabs of plaster into the mold. Work quickly, so that you finish before the plaster hardens.

After the plaster of paris has hardened thoroughly, it can be removed. The cast will be a negative much like the negative of a photograph.

Oil or grease the negative, and make a clay cast of the negative. This will show the footprint.

## A Visit To The Big City

—Chirpie Sparrow Accepts His Cousin's Invitation—

By MAX TRELL

"WELL," said Chirpie Sparrow, as he came to the window sill for his morning bread crumbs, "I won't be seeing you for a day or two."

Hanid, the Shadow Girl with the turned-about name, who had come to the window to watch Chirpie eat them.

She said in a surprised voice: "Why? Where are you going?"

"It's this way," said Chirpie. "I've got a cousin who lives in the middle of the city. And he invited me to come and spend a few days with him."

Bon Voyage

"Have a good time," Hanid said.

So she waved to Chirpie and shut the window.

Two days later, Chirpie was back at the window—all again.

"Oh, hello there!" said Hanid. "I'm glad to see you again, Chirpie. Did you visit your cousin?"

"Oh, yes," said Chirpie.

"Did you have a good time?"

Good And Hungry

"No," said Chirpie. "I didn't. And I'm good and hungry."

Hanid went and got a large portion of bread crumbs. She spread them out on the window sill.

"Better eat first," she said to Chirpie. "Then you can tell me what happened."

For the next five minutes, Chirpie pecked and swallowed the bread crumbs. Finally they were all gone. He wasn't hungry any more.

"All right," he said to Hanid. "Now I'll tell you what happened."

"Start from the beginning," Hanid said.

A City Sparrow

"Well," said Chirpie, "I got this invitation from my cousin, Butch Sparrow, who lives in the middle of the city. So I set out bright and early and started flying to the place where he lived. 'Pretty soon I didn't see any more trees.'"

"No trees? asked Hanid.

"Just iron trees," said Chirpie. "With lights at the end of them."

"Those are lampposts," said Hanid.

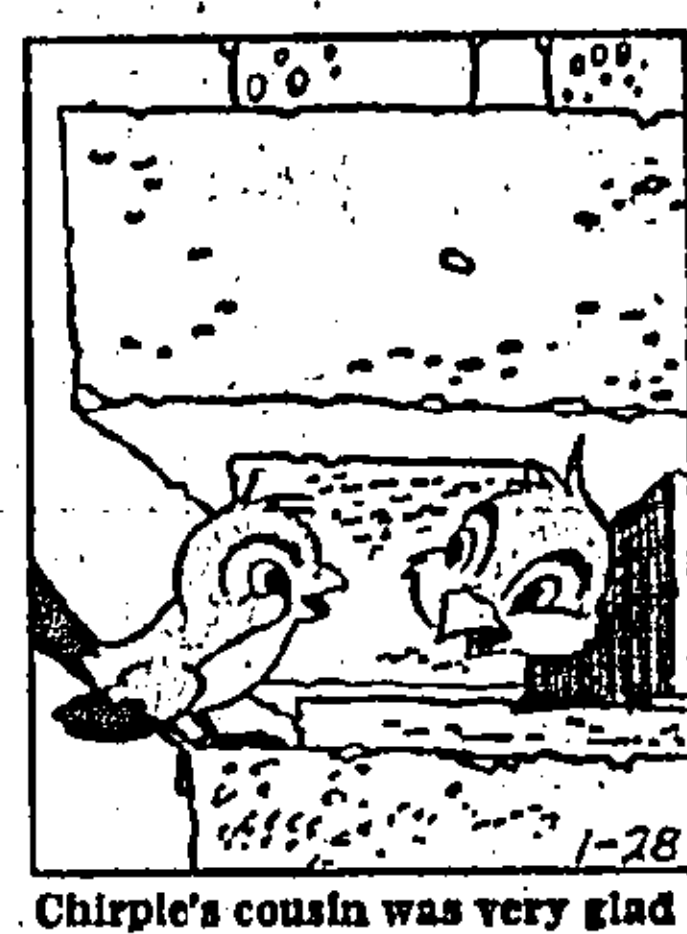
"Yes," said Chirpie. "And there were telephone poles, too. But there weren't any trees."

"As I flew along, I looked down. Instead of fields of daisies and buttercups and black-eyed Susans and brooks and ponds, I saw streets and automobiles and a big river with bridges over it. I saw big, tall houses, hundreds and hundreds of hundreds of them."

"And did your cousin Butch live in one of those houses?" Hanid asked.

"My cousin Butch," said Chirpie, "lives in a space between two loose bricks in the chimney of one of those houses. He was very glad to see me. 'I bet you're hungry,' he said.

"I bet I am," I said. 'What have you got to eat, Butch?'"



"We'll go out and get some food," said Butch.

"So out we went."

"Where did you go?" asked Hanid.

"We went to a big square," said Chirpie. "Some people were throwing out crumbs. But it was a hard job getting enough to eat because there were dozens and dozens of other Sparrows as hungry as we were, and lots of hungry pigeons as well."

"I was still mighty hungry when we went back to Butch's place later."

"We spent the rest of the time sitting on a clothes line or flying over the roof tops or playing tag with a lot of other Sparrows high up on the telephone wires. But it wasn't really fun. I'd much rather be here where I can see some trees and smell some flowers and eat my bread crumbs on a nice big window sill like this."

"I bet I am," I said. 'What have you got to eat, Butch?'"

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## Washington Sat There

**O**NE SPRING morning 230 years ago the son of a Philadelphia Quaker, tired of pushing his plough, sat down beneath a tree to rest. Idly he reached down into the grass and picked a daisy. Just for something to do he began to pull off the petals, examining each one carefully.

He thought it the most interesting thing he had ever seen. And from that half hour under the tree, for all the rest of his life, John Bartram's main interest in life was "his Darling Garden," as he called it.

Just four days after he had plucked that daisy, he had hired a man to finish his ploughing and he was on his way to the city to buy a book that would tell him about flowers. He got his book but when he arrived home he found it was written in Latin. He couldn't read a word of it. So he engaged a schoolmaster to teach him Latin.

As soon as he was able to read his book he knew what his life work was to be. "I want to establish a botanical garden," he wrote, "where I can grow our native plants. And I want to travel all over the world looking for unusual plants to put in my garden."

Below one of the windows in his old house you can read this inscription:

"To God alone, Almyr Lord, The Holy One, be ascribed. JOHN BARTRAM, 1770."

—JANE GATES

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## You Can Use That Broken Balloon

Don't throw your balloon away after it has broken. You can now make it into a whistle. Or a series of whistles.

All you'll need to make a balloon whistle is a piece of rubber from the balloon about 1½ inches long, an empty thread spool, and a rubber band.

Stretch the rubber over one end of the spool and hold it in place with the rubber band. To "whistle" blow through the open end of the spool.

You can make a set of these, each producing a different pitch, by varying the width of the balloon rubber on the spool and also by varying the tautness with which you stretch the rubber on the spool.

Stretch the rubber over one end of the spool and hold it in place with the rubber band.

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## CORNER

Presidential Visit:

ROOSEVELT REBUS

Puzzle Pete has hidden four facts about President Franklin D. Roosevelt in his rebus. Use the words and pictures to find them:</



## BEAUTY OR BRAINS?

## Mistress To A Boy King

DIANE de POITIERS was the courtesan supreme. A mistress whose control over her royal lover was so complete that she even told him when he should have a child by his legal wife.

Her beauty and intellect won her the admiration of men high in the affairs of state, and from them she could have had her pick of lovers. Yet she became the mistress of a boy young enough to be her son.

Unlike history's other women of destiny, Diane de Poitiers appears not to have chosen the life she led. Power was thrust on her by an infatuated youth who was to become a king. But when she saw her chance, she did not hesitate.

Without an aristocratic upbringing and on intellectual brilliance that set her apart from other women who graced the French court in the 16th century, Diane could not have achieved the position from which she ruled France through her lover.

★ ★ ★

Her brain told her when to seize an opportunity, and, once seized, how to exploit it. But it was her ravishing beauty that made the opportunity possible. Diane de Poitiers was born on September 1, 1499, only child of the Comte de Saint-Villier, Jean de Poitiers.

Denied a son, her father insisted that Diane be brought up on his heir and given an education that, then, only the male members of aristocratic families received.

At 13, she married the Grand Seneschal of Normandy, Comte

Louis de Breze, who was 30 years her senior, and it was through her husband's connection that Diane gained entry into the court of King Francis, where she soon became a close friend of the Queen, Claude de France.

When Claude died at the age of 26, she entrusted to Diane the care of her children, the Dauphin, then about nine, and seven-year-old Henry, Duc d'Orleans.

But Diane's days at court were soon over. For Francis was not long in finding a mistress. And the women he chose, Duchesse d'Etampes, saw in Diane a rival not only for the king's favours but also for a place of power behind the throne.

So Diane left the court and settled down to a life of relative domestic security on her husband's estate at Anet.

But these were troubled times. France was at war with Spain, and Francis, fighting at the head of his army, was taken prisoner. In return for his own freedom, he was compelled to surrender his sons as hostages to Charles V of Spain.

The Dauphin and the Duc d'Orleans were imprisoned in Spain for four years, until

Francis secured their release by agreeing to marry Eleanor, Queen Dowager of Portugal, and sister of Charles V.

The children were home in time to attend their father's wedding, and it was during the festivities that the Duc d'Orleans first openly declared his affection for Diane.

Henry was then 12. During his years in exile he had become such an expert horseman that at a tournament, held at the Bastille in the rue de Saint-Antoine, he carried off many of the honours. These he held at Diane's feet, acclaiming her the most beautiful woman in France.

★ ★ ★

Diane was flattered, but placed no importance on the young man's declaration of love. She was then a widow in her thirties, and quite content with her position in life.

She had adopted the black and white garments of widowhood, and her young admirer wore the same colours at tournaments as a token of his love for her.

Diane remained aloof. To her the Duc d'Orleans was more boy who would never be

by  
**REX LOPEZ**

anything but a King's brother. She was not interested in his ardent declarations of everlasting love, though as the close friend of his mother, she naturally did not want to hurt him by actively discouraging him. So the boy persisted in his one-sided courtship.

When Henry was 14 he married Catherine de Medici, much against his will. The marriage had been arranged by their respective families and though he protested bitterly his father's will prevailed.

Catherine was a beautiful young Italian girl in her early teens—the ideal wife for a young prince—but Henry loved Diane.

Even after his marriage Henry continued to write to Diane. In one of his letters he said:

"I cannot live without thee... Remember him who never loved, who never will love, anyone but thee."

Diane was a woman of great will-power, but the boy's persistent courtship was beginning to undermine her resistance.

But it was not until the Dauphin died, three years after Henry's marriage to Catherine, that she gave him any en-

couragement. For now he was heir to the kingdom.

As Dauphin, Henry soon made his will felt. His first action was to insist that Diane moved into his apartments in the Palace at Fontainebleau. Soon she was in complete control of his household.

Now, for the first time, Diane began to see the possibilities of the situation, and she was not slow to exploit them.

★ ★ ★

It was clear to her that if she was to become the real power behind the throne, she would first have to become the mistress of the king-to-be.

The Dauphin was 18, and Diane 38, when in 1537, she finally surrendered to his entreaties. And possession increased the Dauphin's devotion to her.

He wrote her poetry, he called her his "only Princess", he pledged undying love.

Diane, for her part, made herself indispensable in every possible way. Henry came to rely on her for everything; motherly advice, friendly coun-



The young Duc d'Orleans openly declared his affection....

sel, witty duty—and passionate love.

When Francis I died, and Henry II was crowned, Diane, too, was elevated. Henry made her Duchesse de Valentinois, gave her custody of the royal diamonds and a castle and estates at Chenonceaux.

Now she began to make her presence felt at court. She may not have been Queen of France, but she had all the prestige, wealth and privilege the title could offer. More she had the King's absolute confidence. And she used the power that this gave her to influence the affairs of state.

She formed a new political party, called it "The King's Party", and through it ruled France. Nothing was done without her prior consent.

★ ★ ★

Catherine took second place in everything. Diane even prevailed on the King to overcome his dislike for the Queen and have children by her.

When Catherine gave Henry II a daughter in 1545, Diane organised the grand celebrations. And it was she, not Catherine, who received the guests and

presented the new princess. Her reign of power ended abruptly—ironically almost as it had begun, at a tournament. The King was injured during a tournament, and died of his wounds.

Now Catherine avenged herself on Diane for all the humiliation she had suffered. She turned Diane out of her palace, made her return all the possessions and estates the King had lavished on her, and banished her from court.

Diane, her days of power ended, retired to her home at Anet. Six years later, forgotten and no longer beautiful, she died.

## JACOBY on BRIDGE

Heavy Bidder Gets 900 Set

THERE is nothing like knowing your opponents in a bridge game. West wanted to double two diamonds but felt that if he bid three clubs South would take the push to the three level.

Sure enough, South did and West was ready with the ax.

The slaughter was terrific. The n/a, jack, queen and four of clubs went on trick one and a trump return was won by West's queen. The seven of clubs was covered by North's eight and East's ten and South chose to discard the ten of spades. An-

NORTH		27	
♠ 86543			
♥ 87			
♦ 104			
♣ KJ83			
WEST		EAST (D)	
♠ Q972	♣ KJ		
♥ Q4	♥ A1092		
♦ AQ63	♦ 82		
♣ DT3	♣ AQ1065		
SOUTH			
♠ A10			
♥ KJ653			
♦ KJ987			
♣ 4			
No one vulnerable.			
East	South	West	North
1♠	1♥	1♠	1♠
2♣	2♦	3♣	Pass
Pass	3♦	Double	Pass
Pass	Pass	Pass	Pass
Opening lead—A9			

other trump was won by West's ace and the clubs continued.

All South could gather from the wreckage were three trump tricks and the ace of spades and he was down five tricks for a 900 point loss.

Like all bad bidders South was ready with an excuse. He remarked that when the opponents stopped at three clubs, he marked North with some strength.

North's reply was that he had heard South's bid of one heart and two diamonds and that he, North was looking right at his own cards and wanted the privilege of bidding them for himself.

## ♥ CARD Sense ♥

Q—The bidding has been:  
North East South West  
1♠ Pass 1♠ Pass  
2♣ Pass 2♦ Pass  
You South hold:  
♠ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2  
♥ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2  
♦ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2  
♣ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2  
What do you do?

A—Did you no-trump. Your partner wants you to bid and no-trump is a safe bid. Bid it.

ROSEY'S QUESTION  
Your partner continues with a bid of three diamonds. What do you do now?

Answer on Monday

# Over 500 Died In 30 Seconds

AS a race, the Italians are generally genial, easy-going and happy-go-lucky. Immensely individualistic, they resent every slight encroachment on liberties they consider to be their right.

They dislike authority, loathe regimentation and detest being given orders. They like to lead their own lives and go their own sweet way.

Not even in the dark, grim days of World War II would they willingly submit to the discipline forced upon them.

In fact, they took a delight in rebelling—defying authority, and often encouraging authority to turn a blind eye.

And because of that proud independence of spirit more than 500 people died on the evening of March 2, 1944, just 15 years ago.

Soldiers and civilians were suffocated by deadly fumes when a train was trapped in a tunnel, only a few miles from the holiday town of Salerno. The final death-roll listed 521 people killed, and therein lies the cause of this terrible accident which should never have happened.

For the train was never intended to carry so many

## Fateful Day

The train that chugged its unhurried way through the sunny central Italian scenery on that fateful day was making a normal cross-country journey to Salerno, stopping at all the regular stops en route.

But this was wartime. Italy was beset on one side by the Germans, and on the other by the Allied forces. Military authority was ruling the country.

And under the military law only approved personnel were allowed to use rail transport.

Those with sufficient cause

## • BY • THE • WAY • by Beachcomber

SOME time ago I published figures issued by the Egg Board giving the number of eggs boiled, fried, scrambled, and so on during a year. These figures have now been challenged.

Are there thousands of officials slinking about and peering into even those kitchens where eggs are cooked in secret, and watching odd corners where a woman starts to boil an egg to put the spies off the scent (or smell, as the case may be) and then, while they are taking notes, quickly fries it instead? If only we had a Bread Board we could be told how many slices of toast are made in the Midlands during March and April.

In passing  
THOSE faint-hearted people who were disturbed by the comparative innocuousness of "leak-bombs" must have been reassured when they read that a coating of some chemical or other can restore radioactive contamination to a deadly degree, thus converting the "clean" weapon into a "dirty" one. Moreover, this coating material can be produced comparatively cheaply, so there is no excuse for lagging behind in the race of peace.

A letter from Fossilnough  
...And, spring is coming, dear Vita, and I am no longer up to the elbows in a surging mob of beggars. When I think how much champagne has flowed under bridges, as it were, since first I popped, or rather whispered, the question, I am

amazed at your powers of resistance. It may be madly to hesitate, but not for five years. By that time hesitation becomes foolhardy caution. You are cutting off my nose, over and over again, to spite my face. My dear, do reconsider the matter. If you still think it is your money I am after, give me your money, and in two ticks I should be back for you—for you—not, as you once said, for more money.

A suggestion  
AS an inducement to spend £5 on a copy of "Who's Who," I am told in a circular letter that it contains my biography. Since the information about myself was supplied by me many years ago and is reprinted every year I suggest that the publishers should pay me an annual royalty for my contribution, or a lump sum down.

Brave endeavour  
READING of a man who was thrown out of a layer, I remembered an old story which may be new to all those under 80. A man was hustled through a lavatory door. To the cashier who helped him to his feet he said: "They can't do that to me. I'm going in again to throw all five of them out. You count 'em as they land on the pavement." In his want, and presently a body hurled through the air and landed with a thump. "One," counted the cashier. "They counted," said the man again, and the subsequent victim.

(London Express Service)



the major stations no one could board a train without this vital document.

But at the smaller stations which dotted the line discipline was not so strict.

The ticket collectors had little respect for the military authority and rarely took any notice of the passes.

## No Checks

They could not be bothered with the checking of little pieces of cardboard...

Such a station—small and obscure—was on the line just a few miles before the train's destination.

As it neared the station hundreds of people, with no authority at all, thronged the platform, waiting for a free trip to town.

The genial inspector on the platform smiled approvingly as they jostled and pushed their way into the compartments. They packed themselves in like sardines.

There were a few soldiers among the crowded passengers, but most of them were pleasure-seeking civilians, sick and tired of the strange restrictions of war.

The whistle blew. With a struggle the heavy engine started and steamed slowly on its journey.

But the journey was never completed. The train struggled half a mile, with its extra burden, and came to a gradual stop. With an effort it started the upward climb, groaning and complaining.

The immense strain on the engine cut the speed down to a crawling pace; it began to jerk and falter...

## Fatal Mistake

The driver forced on more and more steam—a fatal mistake. Deadly carbon-monoxide fumes hit the roof of the tunnel and recoiled back on the train. Hemmed in by the lowness and narrowness of the tunnel they writhed themselves around the carriages.

Tightly packed as they were, the passengers were already suffering from the drastic short-

age of air. What little did remain was swiftly poisoned.

The deadly gas struck with a devastating suddenness. Within thirty seconds everyone aboard the train—driver, fireman, guard and all the passengers—was dead.

The only consolation to come from the terrible calamity was that none of those aboard the train would have had time to suffer.

Death struck swiftly and without warning. There could have been no panic.

It was some time when the train failed to put in an appearance before the disaster was discovered. A team of rescue workers set out as soon

as the word spread. There was nothing they could do.

By the time they arrived the fumes had dissipated. It looked deceptively peaceful at first it seemed as if there had been no cause for alarm.

But it took little more than a cursory inspection of the carriages to reveal the full horror of the tragedy. The 621 people aboard the train were beyond human aid.

The train was towed away and the line cleared. Slowly and patiently the Italian authorities set about the macabre task of identifying the bodies. Some of them represented entire families.

They were buried, an inquiry opened... but gradually the incident was forgotten in the more pressing clamour of war.

## Board's Decision

The inquiry was conducted by a joint board set up by the Italian and Allied authorities, but there was very little that it could resolve.

The accident would not have happened, the board decided, but for the extra weight caused by the large number of unauthorised passengers aboard the train.

The deaths were caused when the engine fumes compressed by the roof of the tunnel caused mass asphyxia.

So passed, almost unnoticed in a security-bound world, what must certainly be the strangest railway accident of all time.

by Graham Wilson

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## TALKING POINTS

Only a mediocre writer is always at his best.  
—SOMERSET MAUGHAM.

It requires a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotch understanding.  
—SYDNEY SMITH.

Fashion is gentility running away from vulgarity and afraid of being overtaken.  
—WILLIAM HAZLITT.

Most men who run down women are only running down a certain woman.  
—REMY DE GOURMONT.

"You men think you can decide who is a man when only a woman can know."  
—ROBERT ANDERSON.

Edinburgh is a hot-bed of genius.  
—SMOLLETT.  
(London Express Service)



## THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

## 9TH (ANNUAL) RACE MEETING

Saturday 28th February, Wednesday 4th and  
Saturday 14th March, 1959

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

## THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 50 RACES.

There will be 11 races on each of the 1st and 2nd days and 8 races on the 3rd day.

The first bell will be rung at 11.30 a.m. and the first race run at 12.00 Noon on the 1st and 2nd days. On the 3rd day the first bell will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the first race run at 2.00 p.m.

The 15th interval is after the fourth race (1.30 p.m.) on the 1st and 2nd days.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 10.00 a.m. on the 1st and 2nd days and at 11.45 a.m. on the 3rd day.

## MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.

All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the Meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable prior to the Meeting from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road, D'Aguiar Street and Nathan Road, Kowloon, only on the written introduction of a Member and on production of his Guest Record Card. Members are limited to 6 guests each Race Day, and will be responsible for all guests introduced by them.

GUEST BADGES WILL NOT BE AVAILABLE AT THE RACE COURSE ON RACE DAYS.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

The 6th Floor is restricted to Members, and Ladies wearing Lady's Brooches.

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

## PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$5.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

## SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

## CASH SWEEPS

The Third day of the Meeting previously advertised for Saturday 7th March has been postponed to Saturday 14th March, and all Cash Sweep tickets dated 7th March 1959 will be valid for the Meeting on 14th March, 1959.

Although Through Tickets cannot normally be purchased for each day of a Meeting unless there is an interval of at least five days between each day an exception is being made for the Annual Race Meeting. Through Cash Sweep tickets, therefore, at \$22 each per day for the 1st and 2nd days and \$10 for the 3rd day, or \$60 for the three days of the Meeting may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building (Chater Road) and D'Aguiar Street during normal office hours and until 10.00 a.m. on each day of the Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday 27th February, 1959, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from Subscription Lists without stating reasons for their action.

Tickets for the Cash Sweep on the last race of the Meeting at \$2.00 each and Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 2nd May, 1959, at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at—

Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5, D'Aguiar Street Hong Kong on—

Week-days, Mondays to Fridays . . . 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.  
 Saturday 21st February . . . . . 9 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.  
 Saturday 28th February and Wednesday 4th March . . . . . 9 a.m. to 10 a.m.  
 Saturday 14th March . . . . . 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

King's Road, North Point, Hong Kong and 382 Nathan Road, Kowloon on—

Week-days, Mondays to Fridays . . . 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.  
 Saturday 21st February . . . . . 9 a.m. to 11.45 a.m.  
 Saturday 14th March . . . . . 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

## TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN. PAYMENT WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, T.C. men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,  
A. E. ARNOLD,  
Secretary.

Hong Kong, 21st February, 1959.

## SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

## Let Youth Have Its Soccer Fling—Now

Sportsmen throughout the length and breadth of the Colony will take special pleasure from the current visit of His Royal Highness, the Duke of Edinburgh. Our royal visitor has long displayed a deep interest in every aspect of wholesome sport . . . both as a participant and as an adviser and helper.

His efforts on behalf of youth are known far and wide and whatever else happens while he is here there is little doubt that he will derive real enjoyment from seeing the younger generations of Hongkong in action on our various sports fields.

The learners of today are of course the experts of tomorrow and it is indeed a striking paradox that at the very moment when we have one of the most distinguished of all champions of youth in our midst the administrators of the Hongkong Football Association should find themselves at wide variance over the issue of sending a

young Hongkong soccer team to take part in the Youth Competition which is being organised in Malaya.

It is strange how some of our football folk "change their spots". The Chairman of the HKFA went to Malaya at the beginning of this season and a number of his colleagues have since been under the impression that he had indicated to the Malayan authorities that Hongkong would back a Youth Competition such as is being organised now.

## Excuses

In fact more than one of our councillors are still under the impression that we are morally obligated to participate even if we have not said so in black and white.

Superficially it is being suggested as an excuse for not entering that Hongkong football gets little from fostering youngsters; that the schoolboy soccer seldom achieves very much in senior football; that the money which would be required to finance the tour — about \$15,000 — is unduly high — would be money wasted.

It is quite fantastic to believe that any established football official could talk like that. But it is absolutely true.

The standard of Hongkong football has declined at an alarming rate these past few seasons not because youth has failed to take its chance but because the dollar ring which holds the local clubs together has pined away. From having the chance it needed, players with big names have been kept in the game solely for their box office value long after their waning ability has been all too obvious to the intelligent observer.

## Youth Hasn't Failed

One has only to look through the ranks of the Chinese clubs at this very moment to see how true that is.

Youth has not failed Colony football: it is very much the other way round.

Today there is an ever increasing emphasis on the early baptism of youthful sportsmen. Dundee, the Scottish First Division Club, recently introduced a 15-year-old player into their senior team; teenagers are holding regular places in some of the greatest league sides in the United Kingdom and in Europe . . . and even dear old Chelsea staggered the soccer world a week or so ago by fielding a whole forward line of under 21's.

The suggestion that Hongkong is somehow "different" is just so much convenient rubbish and in fact the reasons which are being tendered as support for the no-youth-team-for-Malaya movement are so absurd they are forcing thinking men into deep consideration of why they should ever have been made.

## 'Fodder For Taiwan'

The results of these deliberations make most interesting material for thought . . . and I will tell you of one of them which should give you something to chew over.

Here is as accurately as I can remember it being explained to me.

"The reason behind the reluctance to send a Hongkong Youth team to Malaya has with right-side help from the US Supreme Court, doubtly

By

## I. M. MACTAVISH

nothing to do with either finance or ability. It is very simply another facet of the divided loyalty which exists within the game in the Colony.

"In recent years Hongkong football has been bled dry by Taiwan football fodder" for

"Players who earn their living here . . . who in more

whenever international competition comes along . . . Now let us make it clear that there is nothing hypothetical in these statements. They are a fact whether folks here or elsewhere like to admit them or not . . . and possession of a particular "passport" has no bearing on the argument whatsoever."

That was strong talk and I cut in just long enough to ask how

## BOXING'S ODD MAN OUT SPILLS THE BEANS

## Sure, I'm Broke—So Are The Rackets

By CHRISTOPHER LUCAS

AT a time when British and American heavy-weights are tangled in the fight business, the man who holds the key to the puzzle ought to be known.

He is Cus D'Amato, manager of world champion Floyd Patterson.

D'Amato, the hard-boiled egg-head of boxing, has single-handed taken on the monopolistic International Boxing Club virtually broken their global stranglehold on world championship bouts.

In his first full interview with a British newspaper, D'Amato told me: "Once I bought a paper-back edition of Freud but I quit after the first 100 pages because boxing-wise he wasn't telling me anything I didn't already know."

## Facts

D'Amato scratched his balding head and said: "Sure, I'm broke. I owe \$13,000. Everybody knows that. This has been an expensive fight. Jim Norris (the one-time I.B.C. president) had a personal fortune of \$27,000,000. You can't oppose intimidation like that successfully without spending."

"Look at the facts: my monthly phone bills run to more than £500. For years I've been forced to support all my fighters who couldn't get work. Also I've had to keep paying out for my world-wide intelligence set-up. And they've run a gymnasium where my kid can get a work-out for free. But I have many friends. When I need help they help me. The IBC have made me every kind of offer over the years. I could have retired a rich man if I'd wanted to."

D'Amato, son of an impoverished Italian iceman, talks in

jagged, rasping phrases suited to cauliflower ears, and the lack of compromise is complete. This is not surprising. As a boy, Cus was bull-whipped by his father and battled with street gangs.

## Ruined

The Runyonesque gentleman with the pugacious chin sat up and shook his head: "They say I'm nuts. Don't you think I know that the IBC boys passed the word around that I'm crazy? Why, they've put every kind of pressure on me, everything except for physical ruin to my business."

"Suddenly I realised that I'd been driven out of business completely unless someone did something. I decided the only way I could help myself was to help everybody else."

D'Amato's battle-axe? The world champion himself. "Floyd is a champion who is not only intelligent, but honest and loyal as well," he explained seriously. "He was intelligent enough to realise there was something wrong. He has done everything in his power to prevent the IBC driving a wedge between us."

Just two years after Patterson won the title, the Supreme Court brusquely ordered the immediate dissolution of the notorious IBC, which had monopolised world boxing for two decades. And, ironically enough, the champion this year

"The answer is very simple". I was told, "Interests with our football are afraid that once the best of our young players are selected to represent Hongkong in any international competition, be it Youth or School-boy, they will have committed themselves to Hongkong representation in the future — if of course they maintain their early promise and are good enough for senior honours."

## A Pledged Duty

"Everything I have said to you will be denied over and over again by the people concerned. I don't ask you to believe me, ask you to do it to examine recent history . . . check current facts . . . and watch the future like a hawk. It will bear watching. I can tell you."

Whatever stands behind the obvious reluctance of some folks to support the proposal to send

a team of young Hongkong footballers to Malaya it can only hinder the development of the game in this Colony. Tomorrow's Sir Charles, Sir Ho Cheung-yau, Wong Chi-keung and all the others are somewhere tucked away in the ranks of the present day schoolboys.

Footballers are certainly not born at 18 or 19 years of age. Unless the youngsters are given the right chance they can never mature . . . and it is the pledged duty of the Hongkong Football Association to give them that chance — in the furtherance of the best interests of Hongkong football.

Such a policy requires strength, foresight and impartiality in vital offices . . . and it is a matter for regret that in certain places we apparently lack such qualities.

★ ★ ★

The failure of the much publicised Earl Haig Boxing Tournament to attract a worthwhile crowd to the MacPherson Stadium last Friday must have been as big a disappointment to the British Legion as it surely was to the Hongkong Amateur Boxing Association.

Why should this top class annual event suddenly lose its popularity? Why should it dwindle in crowd appeal why, in a comparatively short time, should the Colony fight fans change their loyalties?

The show had everything to commend it. It was enthusiastically and imaginatively advertised throughout the Colony . . . the prices for the popular seats were most reasonable . . . there was on paper at least—a first class card and above all there was a most worthy cause to be supported, yet, judged against any reasonable expectations, it failed.

The ring-side seats were fairly well filled and the galleries resembled Mother Hubbard's cupboard—they were bare.

## The Reason Why

I have heard many reasons being given for the absence of spectators and I am sure that as they came from men who know what they are talking about there is a lot of value in them . . . but it becomes well more obvious that all agree that something will have to be done to inspire greater Chinese interest in the noble art if it is ever going to be a real crowd puller and a money-spinner.

The Hongkong A.B.A. has long recognised the importance of this problem and has worked constantly towards its resolution. It is slow hard work and unless a new local personality like House Wong pops up soon to provide the necessary inspiration it is going to be a long disheartening job.

The Chinese fans want to see Chinese boxers in action. They are not particularly interested in seeing inter-Caucasian bouts however hectic they may be. That however doesn't fully explain the vacant seats at the 1959 Earl Haig Show for on that occasion even the usual hard core of fans from the Services failed to turn up as they did in the past. One can only wonder why. Is the old fighting spirit fading . . . are the gloved gladiators on their way out . . . or are we simply living in an age of physical apathy?

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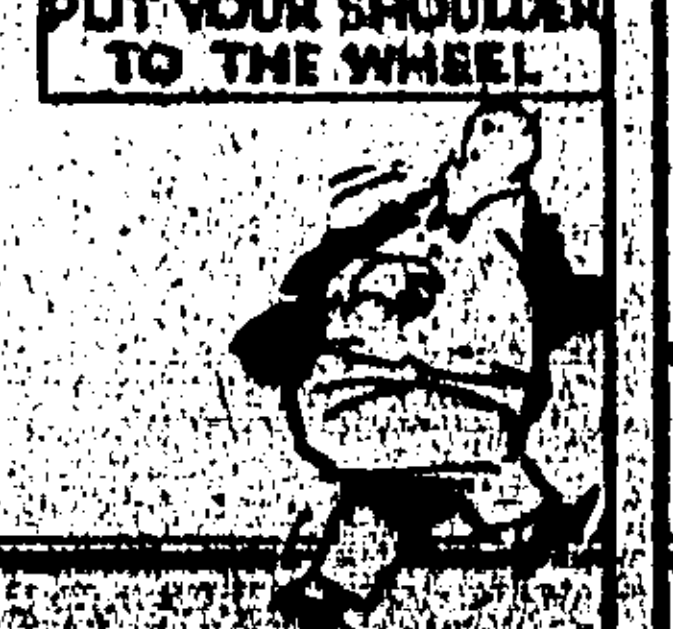
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# CHINA MAIL

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SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1959.

**SHEAFFER'S**  
STERLING SILVER TIP

## UPSURGE OF FAKE MONEY IN US

### Sugar Ray Unlikely To Meet German

New York, Mar. 6. New York boxing circles were doubtful today of statements that world middleweight boxing champion, Sugar Ray Robinson would defend his title against Germany's Gustav "Bubi" Scholtz, the European champion, in Berlin next September.

The reason for the doubt is the "very advanced" state of the negotiations for a fight between Robinson and Archie Moore, world light-heavyweight champion, for Moore's title. It was reported from Berlin on Thursday that Gainsford had signed a provisional contract for a Robinson-Scholtz match with the German manager, Fritz Griesche, providing that Robinson had not in the meantime won Moore's title. Charles Johnston, Keen's New York representative, said today that he was almost certain the Robinson-Moore fight would take place at New York Yankee Stadium in June, France-Press.

Washington, Mar. 6. Counterfeiting of money in the United States is increasing, Secret Service files showed today. This disclosure followed an announcement that agents in Chicago had broken up a counterfeiting ring and seized \$726,200 in false \$100 bills.

Since July 1 last year, agents have seized or recovered from circulation an estimated \$1,800,000 of bogus currency and coins. This compares with the previous high of \$1,429,426 in 1951.

Top secret service officials are confident that seizures are a reliable barometer of how much counterfeiting goes on. They were unable to say why the bogus money business should be on the upsurge this year.

Although there are various theories—such as counterfeiting being associated with hard times—no one has proved that counterfeiting is connected in any hard and fast way with anything else.

**Easier**

One possible explanation, agents said, is that criminal activity in general has been increasing.

Another is that improvements in technology of engraving and printing have made it easier for relatively unskilled people to turn out counterfeit bills that will not be readily spotted.

More than three-fourths of the bogus bills that come to the secret, a branch of the treasury, are not spotted as phony until they get to a bank, because bank tellers can spot counterfeit notes easily, passers

usually slip them into circulation in scores.

But agents have found bogus bills so crude that they could not even get by store clerks.—U.P.I.

### Blonde (19) Robs Bank

Las Vegas, Mar. 6. A beautiful, 19-year-old "champagne blonde" today robbed the First National Bank of Nevada of \$2,000, but was captured at a roadblock as she fled towards Reno on a bus.

Authorities identified the girl as Belle Ingram, from a small town near Roanoke, Virginia. She was described as a "really beautiful girl, but hard as nails."

She fought and screamed as sheriff deputies and FBI men arrested her on a bus at a roadblock at Indian Springs, about 45 miles north of here.

The girl, who shrieked foul language as officers carried her from the bus in handcuffs, broke down on a "crying jag" later, authorities here reported.—U.P.I.

### Bearskin Argument Rages On

London, Mar. 6. Angry young guardsmen today defended their handsome headgear after critics had complained that their bearskins were shoddy.

The controversy, started by a letter in The Times, is raging through Whitehall, the newspapers and the royal palace where members of the Brigade of Guards act as sentries. In his letter, 35-year-old Mr. Peter Page complained that the bearskins were bald, bedraggled, moth-ridden, tailored and almost manky.

The War Office shrugged off the complaints as being "somewhat exaggerated."

But Lieut-Colonel Michael Cook, the Guards Brigade Major, admitted that some of the bearskins were not up to standard.

He added: "They are not replaced often enough. Some are up to 50 years old, worn ones are cut up and used to make new ones."

And an Irate bearskin wearer, a regimental sergeant-major in the Coldstream Guards, added: "Believe me, if I saw a guardsman with a mangy bearskin his feet wouldn't touch the ground on the way to the guard room."—China Mail Special.

### SWEDISH LINER DUE IN HK

The Swedish liner Kungsholm will arrive in Hongkong next Wednesday in the course of a 28-day world cruise and will stay until Friday.

Arrangements for a large number of shore excursions for the passengers have been made.

The Kungsholm, under the command of Captain Per-Eric Sjolén, is visiting 22 ports during her 31,474-mile voyage to the Far East and South Sea Islands. She left New York on January 10 and is due back on April 18.

M.S. Kungsholm



Capt. P. E. Sjolén

The liner is completely air-conditioned with individual climatic control in each stateroom. She normally carries 800 passengers on trans-Atlantic runs, but for luxury cruises, numbers are limited to 375.

### New Drug For Mental Illness

Edgewood, Mar. 6. A group of doctors of the Maryland University Faculty of Medicine have perfected a new drug called Indoklon for the treatment of mental illness which seems to have definite advantages over shock treatment. It was announced today.

One of the creators of Indoklon, Dr. John C. Krantz, a Professor at the Maryland University, described the new drug today at a conference of Army and civilian doctors at the Army Chemical Research Centre here.

Dr. Krantz said that treatment of 2,000 patients with Indoklon had shown that it did not cause the usual unfavorable reactions following shock treatment.

"We have found that Indoklon has greater patient acceptability and causes less emotional trauma afterwards than 'electric shock,'" he said.

However, the drug is only administered by inhaling at the present time, and this method sometimes caused anxiety to the patients, he said.

Experiments were being conducted to perfect a process of administering Indoklon by intravenous injections. — France-Press.

### This Funny World



"Well, the other night at a party I made a pass at my wife."

### MILTON SAYS UMPIRES POOR

Bristol, Mar. 6. Arthur Milton, England opening batsman, said here that umpiring in the recent Anglo-Australian Test series was "generally speaking pretty poor."

Milton, speaking at a football club dinner, was the first England batsman to break silence on the umpiring controversy.

He added: "But there was nothing deliberate about it, in my opinion. The umpires were out there doing their best, and though they gave wrong decisions they were trying to be fair."

"Unfortunately all the poor decisions seemed to go against us."

Milton confirmed that England had objected to Australian umpire Mel McInnes before his appointment in the Fourth Test.

McInnes was dropped for the first time in the series for the Final Test.—China Mail Special.

### Protest

Cambridge, Mar. 6. On the first campaign of protest outside London, the London University Anti-Ugly Society marched through the streets of Cambridge voicing their disgust at the new extension to Emmanuel College.—China Mail Special.

### REDIFFUSION

H.K.T. 11 a.m. Morning Medley: 11.30. The Mountaineers: 12.00. Tune Time: 12.30 p.m. Ben On: 1.15. Keyboard: 1.30. Capers: 1.45. Weather Report, News and Special Announcements: 2.00. HUNT The Duke of Edinburgh's review of Royal Navy, Army, RAF and RIFLE at Kati Tak (reduced): 2.45. Saturday Requests: Nick Kendall: 3.00. HUNT lays foundation stone of Queen Elizabeth Hospital: 3.15. Year-Books of 1958: 3.30. John Diamond-Adventurer: 4.00. Songs Of The Fairies: 4.30. Rhythm Parade: 4.50. HUNT The Duke of Edinburgh at football match, Combined Chinese Non-Chinese. Commentary by Jack Sloan: 5.45. Birthday Mailbox: 6.05. Meet The Stars—Jim Lowe, Joyce Taylor, I. Time, Signal, and News: 7.00. Weather Forecast, Announcements and Interlude: 7.15. Fiesta Time: 7.30. Dig! A Day Show: 8.00. Jazz Is Where You Find It—Nick Demuth: 8.30. Voice Of Sport: 8.50. Top Tunes Of The Week: 9.20. HUNT at youth rally at Government Stadium: 10.30. Dance Party—Ray Cordello: 11.00. Fiesta: 11.30. Dance Party: 11.30. Remember When—Paul Whiteman: 12.00. Midnight Close Down.

### TELEVISION

2 p.m. Highway Patrol: 2.25. Eddie Cantor Show: 2.30. Cantonese Feature: "One Good Family": 3.00. Wood-yu, Pak Yin: 4.30. Tugboat Annie: 5.00. Children's Hour: 5.15. Puppets On A Stick: 5.30. Film: Jungle Jim: 6.00. Close Down. 7.30 p.m. Dig! A Day: 8.00. Elery Queen: 8.30. Bob Cummings Show: "Bob Becomes A Gentleman": 9.00. News on the Royal: 9.15. News: 9.30. Feature: "Eternally Yours": 9.40. David Niven: Lorelei Young: 11. Late Night Final.

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### CHURCH NOTICE

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### CARS FOR SALE

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FOR THE DISPLAY-Flower arrangement and table decoration accessories—bowls, frogs, candles, cardholders etc. Large selection at Duval's, Garden Road.

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### STAMPS

SOMETHING EXCLUSIVE! Collectors' packs of 100 stamps. An entirely new series. South China Morning Post Ltd., Wyndham Street, Hongkong and Salisbury Road, Kowloon.

### NOTICE

**HONG KONG OXFORD & CAMBRIDGE SOCIETY**

The Annual Meeting and Dinner of the above Society is to be held at the Hong Kong Club on Saturday, 28th March, 1959.

The Officers of the Society are:

Hon. H. D. M. BARTON, M.B.E., President  
P. C. WONG, Esq., Hon. Treasurer  
T. SHURLOCK, Esq., Hon. Secretary, Oxford  
J. L. MARDEN, Esq., Hon. Secretary, Cambridge

Membership is open to men whose names have been at any time on the roll of any College at either University.

Will those wishing to attend the dinner please send their names giving details of College, year, University, to T. Shurlock, P.O. Box 85, Hong Kong, as soon as possible.

Final details will be sent to individuals.

### NOTICE

### BANKING IN IRAN

The Chartered Bank and The Eastern Bank Limited have pleasure in announcing that their associated bank

### THE IRANO BRITISH BANK

will open for business at: **AVENUE SAADI, TEHRAN, IRAN**

Tuesday, 10th March, 1959